# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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## THE PRISONER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY SARA J. RUMBEY.

"Give me liberty or give me death."
—*Patrick Henry.*

The air is sweet in my own north land,
And the autumn days are fine,
And I know from a mem'ry of my youth
They strengthen the frame like wine;
And mine is wasted, and thin, and worn,
From a long and terrible strife
With fever, and wounds, and the slow despair
Of a prisoner's weary life.

My mother would scarcely know her child
Since weeping a sad "good-bye,"
She saw me rush to the foremost rank
At our suffering country's cry.
But naught she knew of that dreadful day—
I have lived it o'er and o'er—
Of smoke, and thirst, and blood, and death,
And the murderous cannon's roar;—

All day long we had held our ground
In the midst of a deadly fire,
Till at last our weakened ranks were broke,
And the fainting men retire.
I looked around for my own brave band—
Ah! few were their number then—
"Come on, my comrades, never fly!
We'll die, if we must, like men!"

We charged, resistless, over the field,
Made slipp'ry with human gore—
We drove the enemy back like sheep,
Then—a crash—and I knew no more.

It might be weeks, it might be months,
But it seems to me like years,
That I dreamed, and woke, and dreamed again,
And I thought my mother's tears
Were softly falling upon my brow,
And they cooled the fever there,
Till wavering life came slowly back,
At her beseeching prayer.

But I woke at last to a feeble life,
That scarce was a joy to me,
For what was health, or strength, to one
A prisoner doomed to be?
All day I cling to my prison bars,
But the warm, faint winds that play,
Are heavy with odors of sickly sweet
That poison me day by day.

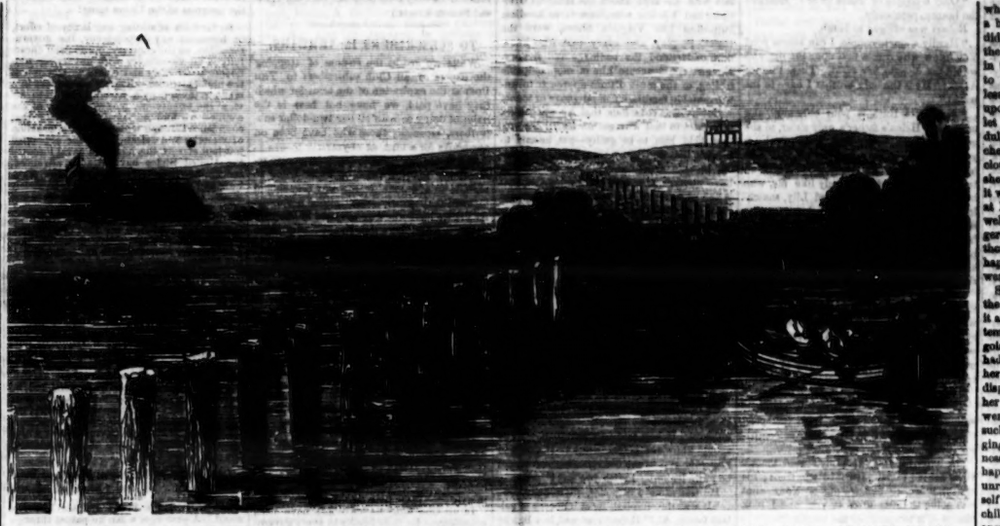
And I long for my dear New England home,
And its clear, crisp northern air
That sweeps from the breezy mountain tops
To the valleys bright and fair;
And the softly blue, unclouded sky,
The sparkling heavenly dome,
That like a blessing of holy peace
Is smiling above our home.

And hearts most noble, and strong, and true,
People that northern shore—
And must I perish, oh, God! oh, God!
And never behold it more?
Give me freedom to march once more
To the fiery battle plain,
The very thought is a draught of life
That conquers disease and pain.

One look at the home, and friends so dear,
One glance at the sunlit sward,
And glad I'll give at my country's need
This life to the foeman's sword.
But I cannot live in this southern land,
That is rank with a traitorous breath—
Grant me, oh, God! one priceless boon
Of liberty, or death!

*Painted Post, N. Y.*

UNCERTAINTY OF WISHES.—I respect the man who distinctly knows what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not know, or understand their own aims.—They spend their lives to build a tower, and spend their whole fortune on the foundation, and then wonder they have not money to build a hut.—*Goethe.*



THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH---THE REBEL RAM GEORGIA, AND OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER, AT ELBA ISLAND,

TO RESIST THE APPROACH OF THE UNION FLEET.—From a Sketch by a Union Scout.

Our special artist has sent us several sketches of the various approaches to Savannah, which city the rebels instinctively consider as destined soon to feel the force of the Federal arms. The rebel ram Georgia was formerly the English steamer Fingal, and presents now quite a formidable appearance, the confederates having bestowed considerable pains upon her.

As our readers are doubtless aware, we hold Fort Pulaski and the mouth of the Savannah river, also the two channels on either side of the Elba Island and St. Augustine's creek. At the junction of that creek with the river the rebels have erected some very substantial earthworks, mounted with heavy guns in barbette, and on a line with these, in Savannah river, is a row of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river and secured with chains.

It is very evident our gallant men will have a stout battle to fight when they attack Savannah.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

## COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARION HARLAND,
Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER V.

"A wholesome lesson for the future!" Aleck Lay had said, and he conned it to such profit, that, during the month immediately succeeding his arrival at home, he paid but two visits at Colonel Floyd's, and they where made in decorous compliance with special invitations. He spent most of each day, and often stayed over night at his plantation of Maple Hill, a fine old place, which had come into the family through the female line; having been bequeathed by his grandfather's death, to his mother. Active and judicious preparations were being made there now, for the reception of his aunt and himself. "He went to as much pains and expense in fitting it up, as if he were expecting to take thither a beautiful wife, and not an old maid sobersides like herself," Miss Ruth affected to complain, while, inwardly, she was happy and proud that he did so. The paternal mansion, Greenfield, was meanwhile in a state of disorder unparalleled in the previous annals of Miss Massie's reign. Cleaning, repairing, painting, and re-furnishing were all going forward at once, under the superintendence of that painstaking housewife. Mrs. Robert Lay should find every apartment in every story, every closet and stair,—even the "cuddy holes" in the garret, irreproachable, if she, the indefatigable present incumbent, perished in the laudable attempt to attain this end. She naturally believed that Robert's love-making was prosecuted as diligently, and that its results were likely to prove as satisfactory to all concerned, as she hoped those of her labors would be; justly considering the sentimental—in metaphysical jargon, the "subjective" branch of the nuptial arrangements quite out of her province.

Mrs. Floyd pursued a similar line of thought and action, as she overlooked seamstresses, laundresses, and chambermaids; set aside a goodly reserve of her finest sweetmeats, and oldest pickles and liquors; bespoke eggs, far and near, to be delivered a week before Christmas at Belleview; tested the golden rolls of butter packed away for the "occasion;" inspected her poultry-yards, and like the celebrated William O'Trimmerty of the nursery rhyme,

"Gathered her hens,
And put them in pens,"

to be fattened against the great day. She had private personal trials, in addition to household cares, and the two classes of perplexities thoroughly engrossed every faculty of a mind which was none too capacious, at its best estate.

Never, in the whole course of her wedded life, had she beheld her lord in a worse humor than now held complete possession of him. His household words were one perpetual growl—not loud, but deep, and their connubial confabulations, which always partook more of the nature of monologues from him, than a reciprocation of ideas and feelings, were uniformly so stormy now, that she trembled in heart and body at the anticipation of them. When, with simple and wifely guile, she tried to divert him from his sombre brooding over his grievances—unknown as yet to her—by small domestic details, and deferentially begged his opinion upon the momentous topics of invitations and the numberless etceters pertaining to the grand wedding,—for no Floyd was ever married without a large and magnificent party,—he swore at her, at the guests, and the supper; as Gabriel reported in the kitchen, "cussed up-stairs and down, and all 'round the lot;" reserving his choicest imprecations for the unconscious bridal pair, whom he anathematized as "a brace of the most ungrateful and unmannerly villains," the "most barefaced cheats that ever conspired to effect a man's ruin!"

"But how, dear?" mildly questioned his spouse, after one of these philippics. "Helen has her fits of temper, I know, but she is much quieter than I ever saw her before.—Yet it must be confessed that even now, she does get awfully stubborn about some things. Now, for instance, I've been scolding her today about a senseless notion she has taken. You know that Alexander Lay brought over for her a superb set of pearls, for a wedding-present, and sent them to her by Robert, soon after he got home. She has a pearl-colored satin, trimmed with lace, among her new things—her 'second-day's dress,'—and anybody, with half an eye, can see that it was made to go with these—"

"Confound your satin and pearls! The twaddle of you women is enough to drive one to distraction!" roared the colonel, kicking over a stand that opposed him in his heavy tramp about the floor.

"Yes, dear! I am sorry!" Meek Mrs. Floyd let fall a shivering tear upon her stitching.

Her husband muttered a dozen or so of hotter oaths, before he dropped again into his arm-chair. When he did sit down, it was with a force that made the window rattle.—Then picking up the tongs, he poked the fire furiously.

Mrs. Floyd mustered a faint heart of grace to endeavor to repair her mistake.

"What I wanted to say was this, my love; Robert Lay always seemed to me to be a most amiable, obliging young man. This is his reputation all through the neighborhood, and has been ever since he was a boy. I supposed that he would do pretty much whatever you asked him to—he is so ready, generally, to grant favors to his friends.—Hasn't he behaved handsomely about the settlement, or whatever you call it? You told me you thought he would."

"So handsomely that he has backed out of everything that he promised to do, Mrs. Floyd! He has lied like a dog, madam! He is obliging enough to give me to understand that he will grab every dollar of your brother's estate upon the wedding day you are preparing for—if he can! That's your amiable, popular saint, madam."

Another volley of oaths, accompanied by a shower of coals upon the hearth, and sparks up the chimney.

"You don't say so! After all the advice I've tried to impress upon Helen, about letting you manage her property! I should think she might have had some little confidence in my judgment, and tried to persuade him to act differently! I declare I am quite hurt by such disrespect and ingratitude!"

"It's her work! I'll take my oath of that—the brazen minx! She can twist him around her finger, if she likes."

"Well! well! well!" ruminated the matron, and returned to her former plaint—"I can't tell when I've been so much hurt."

"Hurt, madam! You'll begin to know what hurts you, when you are turned out of house and home; your last stick of furniture gone; your very clothes sold from off your back, in order that your affectionate niece may flaunt in her husband's mansion in her satin and pearls!

"Good gracious, colonel!" The lady twitched back her skirts briskly, to avoid the stream of fiery embers that bounced from under the forestick in her direction, at the conclusion of this comforting prophecy—"It can't be so bad as *that*, I'm sure!"

"You are sure, are you? Much you know about it! It is an easy thing for a man with an extravagant family like mine, hung like a mill stone about his neck, to hand over some fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, and may-be, a matter of five thousand in ready money, upon a month's notice, is it? I would be obliged to you if you will inform me where it is to come from!"

"Why, I don't know anything about business, dear."

"You need not trouble yourself to tell me what is self-evident, madam!"

"But I supposed that Helen's fortune was put away safe somewhere, against she came of age—in the bank, or—"

"Or tied up in a stocking foot, or carried loose in my breeches pocket!" interrupted her husband, with an ugly sneer. "That is as much sense as you have about anything outside of your dirty kitchen!"

He got up, still snarling, put on a shaggy great-coat, took his gun from a closet, and made ready for his nightly patrol.

"And see here, my lady, keep your tongue inside of your teeth when you think of what I have been fool enough to say to-night—or it may be the worse for you!"

Mrs. Floyd gave a weak sniff of wounded sensibility when the door banged to after her lawful protector and loving liege;—then fell to work upon a mental calculation of the number and variety of the loaves of cake, whose manufacture she was to begin the following week.

One used to ebullitions of temper, akin to that she had just witnessed, seasoned by years of endurance to the peltings and reverberant peals of such thunder storms as were any hour liable to break upon her head—was not apt to remark or inquire into the cause of lesser variations in the family barometer. If Helen grew graver each day, and was often moodily taciturn for hours together; if Lily were fretful, restless and capriciously gay by turns without any visible reason for these humors—the good aunt winked at these fluctuations of temper and spirits, and when winking did not suffice to shut out the unseemly exhibitions, shut fast eyes and ears, and minded her own business. She was not, therefore, the person who could have been expected to discern other signs of the times—such as affected her ease and comfort less than the behavior of her husband and adopted daughters towards her personally. She never bethought herself that Robert Lay's handsome, sunshiny face was, at times, worn and haggard, and his manner oddly *distrait*; that, while he never failed to follow Helen's every movement with his eyes, and sought out occasions of divining her wishes and forestalling their expression by immediately gratifying them, he as frequently had long, confidential talks with Lily as with her, and treated the younger cousin with a warmth of familiarity he had not manifested formerly.

Nor did Helen's quicker vision appear to discover this change in her lover's bearing, or imagine that there was peril in his increasing intimacy with Lily. Whether she had other food for thought so much more important in her estimation, or was incapacitated from feeling jealousy through perfection of confidence, or what was surely very unlikely a calm indifference, was not to be learned from her demeanor. Certain it was that she pursued the avocations so replete with stirring interest to most women with a mechanical fidelity, a diligent drudgery that looked more like a conscientious performance of allotted duty than desire; more like an abstraction of ideas and absence of feeling than loving zeal. Occasionally she aroused her torpid conscience to the examination of the contrariety of emotions that alternately depressed and agitated her, questioned herself sharply, and censured unsparingly. It might be an indication of a noble trust in Robert's truth and affection that she did not object to see him sit, for an hour at a time, beside Lily's piano, or promenade with *her* on the lawn for the same period, both *talking earnestly and continuously as friends* whose interest in one absorbing theme is a bond of union between their hearts; but did she sin when she wondered what was the source of the relief she experienced in the discovery that, while his kindness to herself remained unabated, he was yet less demonstrative, made fewer demands upon her time and love than of yore, but her alone when she was inclined to indulge in pensive reverie instead of trying by cheerful arts and tender wiles to dispel the cloud. She had outlived her age of romance as she was in the habit of saying, and perhaps it was better that he should also learn to look at Life's prosaic side;—to view feelings, as well as facts, as they were, without the dangerous and deceptive glamour cast about them by a loving idolatry. They would be happier for the disillusion when their lots were united.

She did not palliate the folly and crime of the unutterable sadness that would, combat it as she might, steal over her in the contemplation of this prospect. Was she not going, of her free will, to marry a man who had loved her from her childhood in spite of her faults, her many frailties and foibles of disposition and errors of conduct? who loved her purely and wholly, as few other women were ever esteemed? Was he not the nonsuch of his sex, in his spotless life, his engaging deportment, perfect temper and singleness of purpose? She was a fortunate, a happy woman, and, if ungrateful as fortunate, unreasonable as happy, she might blame herself and no one else. What if she had, in childish folly, once hearkened and thrilled to another's vows as she had never done to Robert's manly fervor of protestation? what if, for many months, she had nursed a beautiful shadow of bliss in the belief that this other who hers—hers only and forever—as she was keeping herself for him? That was a weary, weary time ago! It seemed as if years of wretchedness had gone over her head since the summer evening—but one month prior to her betrothal, when she had heaved, torn with desperate strength, the great stone by the spring away from its bed, and buried in the moist, black mould the ring she had worn, in credulous faith, for a year and a half—worn hopefully, joyously, proudly! then rolled back the rock to its place a tomb that hid a grave!

These trifles belonged to the girl's history; as a girl she had judged falsely of their nature, and consequently overrated their value. She had grown into a woman now—rational, strong, resolute! Was she resentful and despairing as well? It might be, for she had no memory of a mother's gentle rectitude of conscience and action; a father's wise counsels. A wild, undisciplined childhood had not laid the kind of foundation from which would spring, in spontaneous growth, moderation of judgment and dispassionate conduct at the age of maturity. She knew her temperament and what were her besetting sins, and she firmly believed that Robert Lay, of all others, was best acquainted with these, and that his influence would exert the most salutary effect in restraining whatever was objectionable and fostering the few germs of good. He had said that she only had the power of making him happy; that Life would be bare and joyless if he were deprived of the hope of winning her; and with tender sympathy born more of her own intense suffering, her aching, bleeding heart, than out of the sisterly regard she had ever felt for him, she listened and promised to be his wife.

"There's many a heart caught in the rebound!" says a time-honored maxim we see daily exemplified in the drama of Life. With regard to the quality and volume of this reflex tide of affection the oracle is mute.

I heard once of a simple, true-hearted girl—a novice in the world and its ways—who was cruelly deserted by the man she had loved and trusted for years. She "bore it wonderfully," said curious lookers-on. S she went so far as to express a doubt whether her attachment had ever been so strong as was generally supposed. Cheerfully and quietly—none guessed how heroically—she went through her round of duties; neither in her home, nor in society, ever yielding, for an instant, to visible depression of spirits. Two or three years had elapsed since the event that had changed the whole tenor of her inner life; the recreant lover had wedded another, and it was considered that she had, in common phrase, "quite gotten over her trouble," when she was addressed by another suitor, a noble fellow, who could appreciate aright her rare excellence, and was, in himself, entirely worthy of her love and respect. She was greatly moved as the tale proceeded, and when he paused for her answer, hid her face and wept abundantly. Encouraged by this evidence of softness, the wooer pressed his suit yet more warmly.

"Please do not!" she sobbed, putting both her hands into his and looking up at him with the expression of a grieving angel. "Do not go on, or I shall promise that which will render us both miserable for life. I know how hard it is to endure the pain of wounded

infusion. Do not make me too sorry for you!"

Had the nature of Helen's former mistress to Aleck Lay been such as could be avowed, and Robert not his brother, she would have made a like answer to his confession of love.

It wanted just three weeks to the wedding night, and the brothers had received and visited the Floyds before morning service in the church, to partake of their Sunday dinner. Aleck had joined the party sadly against his will; but Lily had seconded her aunt's invitation so pressingly, declaring that she believed he had some secret and cogent reason for his dislike of Belleview or its inmates; that the whole county had observed his neglect of his old friends, and that divers queer rumors were in circulation explanatory of his behavior—that he complied to avoid discussion and check scandal. Lily had a meaning accent and look, moreover, while she delivered this lively tirade, that piqued and puzzled him. Had such a thing been possible, he would have felt assured that she was no stranger to the true cause of his consistent avoidance of Helen.

He was not an admirer or friend of Miss Calvert. When a boy he had mortally offended her by pronouncing her "a whey-faced witch," which observation, by means of some kind tongue, reached her ears. The feud was further increased by his inevitable championship of Helen, in the petty quarrels between the girls. Lily professed to like him at this date. It had even been slyly and gratuitously suggested to him by disinterested young ladies and prudent mammas that he, the elder and richer brother, was regarded by the Floyd connection as a *bon parti*, and probable suitor of the colonel's younger ward, now that the other was "out of the market." This benevolent warning he received with profound carelessness, and did not trouble himself to controvert the theory. It was not fear of these tattlers that kept him away from the home of the elfin beauty. Yet it might be expedient to throw them yet farther off the right scent, besides showing his contempt for their impertinent gossip, by riding fearlessly by Robert's side, behind the Floyd carriage when it rolled away from the church door, on this bright day, and his officious friends were looking on, in rows and squads, awaiting the arrival of their respective vehicles.

For a wonder, the Lays were the only persons present besides the family at dinner, and all found the repast a dull and cheerless ceremony, although the cookery did ample credit to Mrs. Floyd's kitchen. The poor lady's eyes were red and watery. She had a headache and catarrh, she said, but the initiated members of the company, and this included the entire number, recollecting that she had returned from church in her usual spirits and bodily condition, were not slow in assigning a more plausible reason for these signs of discomfort, in viewing the knit brows and hearing the gruff tones of her sovereign master. He carved savagely and wasted as few decent words upon his guests as he could, taking no share whatever in the conversation that Lily, Robert and Aleck tried to keep up to cover his surliness and Mrs. Floyd's tremor. He broke a goblet, in pushing it roughly against the dish before him; swore audibly at the quaking servants, and finally ordered his second son from the table in a voice of thunder for spilling water upon the cloth.

The colonel seldom went to church except in summer time, when he could pass the hours of service out of doors, under the trees shading the sacred edifice, talking politics with neighbors as graceless as himself. He had spent the forenoon of this Sabbath in examining his account books—"business papers" his wife styled them, in a lame apology she offered in the drawing-room for his "being out of sorts;" he having finished the meal he had succeeded in spoiling for every one else, had stalked off up to his chamber for his Sunday afternoon nap.

"It always gives him the blues to look over these tiresome papers!" she sighed, while she tried to smile at the absurdity of allowing such trifles to mar one's happiness. "I often wish there were no money matters in the world. I don't pretend to understand them myself!"

"Few ladies do!" said Aleck. "They are among the ills of life, which are confined almost exclusively to us unhappy men."

Helen met Robert's eye with a forced smile, which was returned by one yet more mirthless.

"Can he be so unjust, after all my frankness, as to imagine me mercenary?" she thought, indignantly.

His unconfortable cogitations were, in reality, dwelling upon the strong likelihood that the "business papers" which had stirred up the Colonel's bile appertained to the records of his stewardship over his niece's estate, and the certainty, if this were so, that there were vexatious trials of patience in store for himself, when he and the guardian came to the dreaded final settlement.

The diversion was not unwelcome, when Lily called him into her greenhouse, to inspect a plant he had sent her some time before. It was drooping and yellow, from some cause, whose discovery was beyond the reach of her horticultural acumen. Robert was a zealous and accomplished amateur florist, and his decision, after a minute examination of the flower and inquiry into the course she had pursued towards it, was that she was killing it with kindness.

"You pet it too much; water it too abundantly, and dress the earth about the roots too often. Plants require rest, like animals. This needs a little wholesome neglect; a judicious letting alone, with plenty of sunshine. That will bring it around, if it is not too far gone."

Lily bent over the fading favorite in silence, until the large drops gathered in her eyes, and one fell upon the plant.

"My dear child!" ejaculated Robert, in surprise, "I will procure a dozen more of the same kind for you, if you want them, sooner than you should shed a single tear; and this may revive yet!"

"I am not a child!" said she, passionately, "although everybody seems fit to treat me like one! And it is not the flower—for the flower's sake that I grieve over! I was just thinking how everything that I love best is taken from me. I did care for that geranium, because you gave it to me, and I have always believed that you were one of the very, very few who really liked me!"

She plucked a rose and rent it apart, petal by petal, her lip pouting and trembling; the tears yet hanging, like pearly dew, upon the gold' fringe of her eyelids. She looked guilelessly pretty, Robert acknowledged in his conscious innocence of everything except brotherly kindness, and his great, tender heart yearned at the sight and confession of her artless distress. What a guileless babe she was! How sinless and free her attachment for her early playmate!

"And you thought right, Lily! There are not many people whom I like better than I do you—as I have often told you."

"Only a couple of dozen or so!" returned the beauty, petulantly.

Robert was obliged to laugh.

"Hardly a single couple, I can assure you! You know who comes first upon the list, and would not dispute her right. Then, there is Aleck! He is the only brother I have in the world."

"And Miss Ruth is your only aunt, and mamma is Helen's father's only sister, so she ought to come next; and Mam' Becky is your only old mammy, and Hero is your best horse, and Dash your best dog—and they all take precedence of a nobody like me, who has no claim upon you!" cried Lily, snatching at another rose, and bringing it away, stem and all. "I don't thank you, or anybody else, for a seventh, or even a third-rate place in his regard. Thank goodness! if I am insignificant, I have too much pride for *that!*"

"Don't try to pick a quarrel with me, little sister! I have enough sources of disquiet without this one—disquiet which your sweet sympathy has done much to alleviate. You wrong me by affecting to misunderstand my meaning. You know the sincerity of my attachment for you, Lily!"

"Forgive me!"

Her head fell upon his arm. Whether he would have released himself from this position, or awaited the recovery of her composure, was not to be seen.

"A letter for you, Miss Lily!" said Aleck's voice behind them. His face was stern; his eye and accent penetrating. "Your aunt was going to bring it in to you, and I took charge of it to spare her the trouble."

He bowed and withdrew, before either of the twain, whom his abrupt address had startled, could find breath or words for a reply.

He was not surprised, on returning to the parlor, to perceive that it was deserted. The stiff and labored dialogue carried on by himself and Helen, after they were left together by the floral connoisseurs, was so difficult and painful to both the participants, that he had seized upon the circumstance of Mrs. Floyd's entrance with a note for Lily as an opportune pretext for ending the miserable pretence. Helen understood his eager politeness to her aunt, and contributed her share towards their mutual relief by leaving the coast clear before he reappeared. There was a dark flush of passion upon Aleck's brow as he strode over to the window, and his mouth worked convulsively under his heavy moustache, while he remained there looking out upon the wintry landscape, blasted and sere, like his own hopes. He was displeased with Robert—more than displeased with the miniature ayren, whose enticements were operating upon the senses of her cousin's affianced husband.

"He can love twenty women—I but one! If *she* were mine I would have shrunk with loathing from the touch of that little serpent! Instead of enduring her subtlety and fond twinings about me would have cast her from me as a hateful thing! How different was the scene transpiring in here! Have I then more regard for his rights and honor than he has himself?"

It was a hasty and unjust aspersion of his brother's fidelity and delicacy of affection for his betrothed; but his wrath glowed yet more hotly as he reviewed, in detail, the illustration of rigid self-control amounting to coldness his manner to Helen had afforded; his absolute reticence of even friendly warmth towards the woman he nevertheless adored; extreme circumspection he exercised over the each glance and word lest Robert's bride should chance to read in any of these that which it would be dishonorable in him, who was soon to be her brother, to show; and contrast this line of conduct and principle with Robert's passive, if not fond reception of blandishments, such as he had interrupted.

He was too angry to look around when Lily's clear voice was heard at the door connecting conservatory and parlor.

"Helen! Helen! Why, Mr. Lay, I thought she was entertaining you all this time!"

"You were mistaken, you see!" he answered, curtly.

"Don't you know where she has gone?"

"I do not!"

"Then I must hunt her up! It was very uncivil in her to leave you here all alone. I shall scold her well for it!"

Away she ran, singing in her bird-like tones as if she had never shed a tear in her life. Robert, who had come in with her, silently took a seat by the fire.

Without having the remotest conception of the hidden reasons that exasperated into deep displeasure Aleck's righteous disapproval of the supposed flirtation, the younger brother yet felt that he had placed himself or been placed by another in a false light in his Mentor's eyes. Unwilling to make a serious affair of an occurrence so trivial, or to impute forwardness and levity of deportment to Lily, he was nearly as reluctant to sustain in his own proper person the weight of the blame Aleck ascribed to one or both of them. That he did blame somebody for what he had seen, Robert did not need his present behavior to convince him. He knew his nice ideas of a lover's honor; his delicate fastidiousness upon some points relative to the scruples for which none save those who were most intimately acquainted with him ever gave him credit. Gay rattle and reckless flirt as he was generally esteemed, his chivalrous respect for true womanhood amounted to reverence; his recognition of female purity was instinctive. Had he been betrothed, he would have expected—not counselled—a whole-hearted devotion, not of the affections merely, but of the mind. If he scorned to exercise the slightest espionage upon the movements of his fiancee or wife, left her, free as air, to obey the bent of her inclinations, it would be because he believed, with a faith more powerful than the convictions produced by sight, that she was as pure as the freshest air ever breathed from Heaven; that she was *his*—heart, body and imagination, incapable of cherishing a thought she would not impart to him; and he would have given as much as he asked. His teasing talk with his aunt about the fabulous Gretchen, and his fine compliments to heedless butterflies like Virginia Shore, were the veriest lip-play, and every one who knew him understood the badinage and flattery. No girl could accuse him of more culpable trifling, of the most distant approach to unwarrantable familiarity in language or touch.

Robert was conscious that he was sinless in respect to that whereof he feared his brother held him to be guilty—yet, he said to himself, that he wished, since Lily's unguarded, because artless action, was destined to have another spectator besides himself, that it had been Helen, and not Aleck. She would have judged of the case more charitably, approximated the truth more nearly. But something must be said to undeceive the real judge, and there was no time to be lost.

"Aleck—old boy!" He passed his arm over his brother's shoulder, who stood like a statue of ice under the embrace. "Are you thinking hardly of me? blaming me for the important little scene you happened to see just now?"

"You are master of your own conscience and actions," rejoined the other, freezingly. "I do not presume to sit in condemnation upon either."

"I require no stronger evidence that you have arraigned me already—condemned me unheard," Robert said in a hurt tone. "You should know me better, Aleck! If you had heard the rest of the conversation you would be more lenient. I wish you had!"

He waited for a response, but none came.

"It was the simplest, most innocent of gallant farces, Al!" Robert resumed, in a lighter tone.

> "When a pretty woman shows her wings,
> What can a fellow do?"

That is an analogous quandary to the one in which you saw me—for which you are inclined to have me hanged, drawn and quartered."

"The question is," said Aleck, turning to face his brother, and speaking slowly, with no softening of his severity, "the question is, whether a man, situated as you are, has a right, or ought to have the disposition to think of the beauty of any other woman."

"Pshaw!" replied the other, still determined to turn the affair into a jest. "That dogma belongs to a former generation; the Grandisonian race of swains and shepherdesses; the age that painted Cupid blind."

"That is very possible. My ideas upon this subject are decidedly antiquated I admit; somewhat deficient, moreover, in tolerance of this 'dear passion for many' that modern lovers find so delightful!" answered Aleck, slightly, crossing to the fireplace, and throwing himself upon the sofa.

Nothing further passed between them for that time. Even Robert's sweet temper was ruffled by the unmerited sneer. Their disputes were of such rare occurrence that reconciliation was an awkward undertaking, if either were disposed to attempt it.

"Excuse me for leaving you!" cried Lily, floating into the room. Her airy motion could hardly be called walking. "But Nelly and I have been arranging a frolic for this evening. Won't you gentlemen aid and abet us?"

"The better the day the better the deed!" said Robert, playfully interrogative.

He would not allow Aleck's unjust imaginings to influence his demeanor to this unsophisticated, warm hearted child.

"Yes—but this is really and truly a Sunday frolic, Mr. Sheppard—the new circuit-rider is to preach to the servants at Mr. Shaw's to-night, and Ginnie has written to say that we must all come. She knows you came home with us to dinner, so she will expect both of you, certainly. I dearly enjoy these colored meetings—don't you, Mr. Robert?"

"That depends upon their hue. I have found them very blue, and a dingy indigo, at that, sometimes—taking blueness and dullness as synonyms."

"Oh! you know what I meant! Why will you be provoking? Mr. Lay, I wish you would take him in hand, and teach him how to behave as you do."

Aleck did not raise his eyes from his book. He would not be a party to this deceitful trifling. Lily gave him a stare of inquiry, and returned to the more complaisant Robert.

"They say this Mr. Shepherd is a stirring speaker, a thorough going revivalist; and the ride home by moonlight will be splendid!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The *London Times* must be in a bad way—it told the truth the other day as follows:—"The south should remember that they were the first to draw the sword in this quarrel; that they rose against an established government in the exercise of its legal functions; that they obtained by the agency of traitors in that government a considerable supply of arms and money; and that the Union they seek to dissolve is, as events have proved, the dearest wish of every American heart."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

## TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

## THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

The following memorial has been presented to the legislature of this state:—

*To the Governor, Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania:*

The memorial of the Representative Committee or Meeting for sufferings of the religious Society of Friends of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and adjacent parts of Maryland, respectfully showeth, that the religious society which we represent has been in existence more than two hundred years.

In all that time its members have been conspicuous for their fidelity to every government under which they have lived, for their love of order, and strict observance of all laws that did not directly conflict with their religious scruples.

They have always supported their own poor, at the same time paying their equitable share of taxes for the support of the indigent public; generally educated their own children, and maintained a strict moral discipline amongst themselves, without aid from the public authorities.

During this time, notwithstanding there have been numerous cases of individual unfaithfulness, as a body they have maintained a uniform testimony against war, believing that allegiance to their Divine Master and Holy Pattern forbade their uniting with any in warlike measures, either offensive or defensive.

For this testimony, from time to time, they have suffered distraint of their property and imprisonment; but the penalties of the law, however severe and grievous to be borne, have never caused them to abandon their testimony or even weakened their devotion to it; so that these laws have only gained to those who executed them a small pecuniary return in exchange for the large amount of distress and suffering they have inflicted.

We believe that our neighboring states of New York and Maryland have enacted laws entirely screening "those who conscientiously scruple to bear arms" from that service, or paying any equivalent therefor.

In view of these facts, we ask the Legislature to consider whether true wisdom will not justify them in relieving from fines and penalties all those who for conscience sake, and in obedience to what they sacredly believe the Divine will requires of them, decline to take up arms or pay an equivalent in lieu thereof.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the meeting. WM. DORSEY, Clerk.

Philadelphia, 2d mo. 13th, 1863.

We think that the "Friends," in the above, which is very good in itself, have omitted to put forward one of their strongest arguments, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned.

This state was originally settled by the Society of Friends, under the leadership of William Penn. The idea of Penn and his coadjutors in establishing at much expense a colony in the new world, was that they might have a free field for the exercise of their rights of conscience and worship.

But at the same time that they desired these rights for themselves, they did not seek—as the Puritan fathers did—to exclude men of a different way of thinking from their infant state. To the contrary, men of all creeds and of no creed, were heartily welcomed among them.

For many years the Quaker element predominated in Pennsylvania, and never did the Quakers use their power with the least appearance of injustice. Modes of worship that were not pleasing to their simple views, were not only tolerated, but the fullest liberty was granted to their adherents—not even a word or look of ridicule being allowed to invade what were considered the sacred rights of conscience.

As time went on, however, the Quakers became outnumbered by the freely welcomed immigrants belonging to other denominations, and, at this date, they constitute but a small proportion of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania.

Now, in view of the past history of the state, we consider that the religious society of Friends has a peculiar claim upon the justice and even the tender regard of our people. That the state has so proud a record in its early history of Justice, Toleration, and general Magnanimity is due, almost wholly, to the large minded and liberal views of William Penn and his Quaker compeers.

The intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania can never forget the debt which they owe to their Quaker ancestry. Whatever other states may think it right to do, Pennsylvania occupies a peculiar position in regard to these Quaker ideas. She cannot decently, with honor to herself, be less liberal to those who conscientiously scruple to bear arms, than New York or Maryland. In the case of the Society of Friends, she, of all states, knows that their uniform testimony against war is no puerile pretext of cowards, or of disloyal or avaricious men, but that it is a deeply rooted belief, held for centuries, and often in the face of the most bitter persecution.

We trust therefore that in consideration of the past, and of the fair fame of our noble state, nothing will be done that will bear the least appearance of an interference with the long held and conscientious scruples of our benevolent, useful, and well-behaved Quaker citizens.

## THE WAR SO FAR.

The following, from Mr. Seward's recent letter, is worth considering as a statement of the progress of the Union arms:

So far from admitting any laxity of effort, or betraying any despondency, the government has, on the contrary, borne itself cheerfully in all vicissitudes with unvarying confidence in an early and complete triumph of the national cause. Now, when we are in a manner invited by a friendly power to review the twenty-one month's history of the conflict, we find no occasion to abate that confidence through which, in an alternation of victories and defeats, as is the appointed incident of war, the land and naval forces of the United States have steadily advanced, reclaiming from the insurgents the ports, forts and posts which they had treacherously seized before the strife actually began, and even before it was seriously contemplated. So many of the states and districts which the insurgents included in the field of their projected exclusive slaveholding dominion have already been re-established under the flag of the Union, that they now retain only the states of Georgia, Alabama and Texas, with half of Virginia, half of North Carolina, two-thirds of South Carolina, half of Mississippi, and one-third respectively of Arkansas and Louisiana. The national forces hold even this small territory in close blockade and siege. This government, if required, does not hesitate to submit its achievements to the test of comparison, and it maintains that in no part of the world, and in no times, ancient, or modern, has a nation, when pressed at all unready for combat by the enjoyments of eighty years of almost unbroken peace, put forth energies so vigorous, and achieved successes so signal and effective, as those which have marked the progress of this contest on the part of the Union.

Gen. Butler, in his recent speech at Baltimore, put the case even plainer, as follows:

Let us post the books and see how we stand. A year ago, when he passed through this city, on his way to the southern coast, how did we then stand? The rebels had all of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas, all of Virginia, except that portion under the guns of Arlington Heights and Fortress Monroe. Now we have all of Missouri, all of Kentucky, two-thirds of Arkansas, at least half of Tennessee, and Roseerans, thank God, was there, and good for the other half. We have two-thirds of Virginia, a third of North Carolina, all of Florida, and a large portion of Louisiana.

And what was left of the bogus Confederacy? Texas, instigating with the French Emperor to get away from them; Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and what remained of North Carolina and Virginia. Very soon the Mississippi river would be in our possession, and thus the Confederacy would be severed. Might we not truly say, with some of the rebel Congressmen, that another such year of progress would see the Confederacy annihilated? Truly, the folds of the great anaconda were tightening round the rebellion and crushing it in its irresistible grasp.

The truth is that if the Northern people *will* it, and remain united, by simply doing as Wellington did at Waterloo, "pounding the longest," their success is almost as certain as a mathematical demonstration.

## The Sewing Machine Premium.

We have received the following letter, showing that one lady, at least, appreciates our Sewing Machine Premium at its real value:—

BELLEVILLE, Ills., Feb. 16, 1863.

MESSRS. DEACON & PETERSON, Philada.:—

"*My Machine has come!*" Oh, that I with a clarion voice could proclaim the joyful news to hundreds in ignorance of its import, and start them from their lethargy to go and "do likewise." Messrs. Editors, it is my emphatic opinion you are not *appreciated*. I regret to say it, indeed I do; but when your dear little modest advertisement caught my eye, I inwardly resolved I would be the first in this town, and I began and succeeded admirably. I got you up one club, and am now trying to get you another, as the poor widow may obtain a machine for her own support; and have also recommended a friend in St. Louis to begin one for herself. Why only think, for, say a week's work, we are to be paid a $20 machine (which you know for them here). I wish everything else was so cheap. How you do afford so splendid a premium is "beyond my ken," but you do it, and knowing you are honorable gentlemen, I have myself to thank, and am happy to declare *My Machine has come!*

It sits quietly in the corner here; no one would suspect it of such an enormous appetite—but my, to satisfy its "insatiable maw," it would take me a week to baste up what it devours in an hour. It puts me in mind of the very modest young lady, who at dinner ate her peas *one by one*, and *behind* the door crammed balls and all down her throat! In fact I'm so delighted with my New Year's gift that I really know how to express myself. I had been trying for over two years to get one, and now my wish is granted. I certainly feel very grateful to you, and I *rather* think THE SATURDAY POST shall be one of the institutions in our family from this time forth. Yours, gratefully, S. S. D.

How to Do It.—It is stated that, with 125 presses, the Treasury Department is just able to print enough green backs in two-thirds of a day to pay the expenses of the government for one day.

If the Treasury Department will obtain authority from Congress to print notes of the denomination of one million of dollars, we think that with the aid of 125 presses it might print enough green backs every day to pay that day's expenses—that is, if Mr. John Tucker has really vacated his position in the department of war.

☞ "Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when he swallowed the bait.

## HOW TO CONDUCT A LONG WAR.

An excellent and timely pamphlet by Charles J. Stillé, of this city, showing a free people conducted a long war, from a chapter of English history during the Peninsular campaigns of Lord Wellington. It shows, in a very timely manner, that during that struggle against Napoleon, it was frequently thought by the first statesmen of the age that success was impossible, and that the country could never recover from the effects of the privations then gone through with. Sir Walter Scott speaks of "almost disbelieving a Providence," so had the news sunk his spirits. Sir James Mackintosh said that while believing in a recovery, because he believed in the immortality of civilization, "but when and by whom, and in what form," were questions he had not the sagacity to answer. "A dark and stormy night, a black *series of ages* may be prepared for our posterity before the dawn of a brighter morrow. The race of man may reach the promised goal, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness." Mr. Whitbread thought the war with France must terminate in the subjugation of one of the contending Powers. They were both great, but England was a country of factitious greatness, France of natural greatness. The Marquis of Wellesley retired from the Ministry in disgust, because they would not support his brother (Wellington) or prosecute the war with sufficient vigor. While, on the other hand, Sir Francis Burdett said no man in his senses could entertain a hope of the final success of the British arms in the Peninsula.

England was not at that time anything like as well able to raise money as we are now. No person, at the commencement of that struggle, would have believed it possible for the national debt of England to be carried to a point of upwards of five thousand millions of dollars, as it actually was. The only mistake England made was one which we have since fallen into; but from which England has recovered, and we shall, after a little experience.

The discipline of our volunteer army is and has been, on the whole, far better than that of the Peninsula army over which the Duke of Wellington had the command.—After the disorderly retreat from Brugos, the Duke published, in a general order, that "the discipline had deteriorated, during the campaign, to a greater degree than he had ever witnessed or read of in an army. That the true cause of this was to be found in the habitual neglect of duty by the regimental officers." This arose from sprigs of the gentry and nobility purchasing commissions without training in any military school.—But Wellington trained them so that, as he afterwards said, "he could go any where or do anything" with that army, and he did accomplish everything.

The great secret of a successful war is to keep on pounding and to pound *longest*. He who can hold out beyond the other must win.

The rebels give the most desperate symptoms of exhaustion; they are losing their temper. *Executions* are becoming so common in Richmond that they are ceasing to produce any effect upon the feelings of the people. In the northern part of Georgia, rumor come to us of insurrections against the conscription, which need armed bodies to quell. There now appears to be every prospect of a hearty co-operation of the entire North in the prosecution of the war. As soon as the Mississippi is opened, Arkansas will be when Missouri now is, and by gradually circumscribing the territory in rebellion, the present frantic efforts of the South will only the sooner exhaust its strength, while our army will, we trust, get into more perfect discipline, and our means of conducting loans become so steady and equitable that no danger will be felt or feared in lending the Government any sums it may require, provided only it be economically and honestly expended in putting down the rebellion.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ The flattery of friends and enemies would do us very little harm, if we didn't unfortunately flatter ourselves.

☞ It is said that at least 100,000 men are yet wanting under the last call of the President, of which not less than 35,000 are due from the state of New York alone. Every New England state has filled its quota, except New Hampshire, the last regiment in which has been organized, but lacks a few hundred men.

☞ "A friend of mine," said Buster Keane, "was a suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and he was asleep in ten minutes."

☞ The miser isn't vain: he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

☞ The Rev. T. Starr King's new church in San Francisco will be a "stunner"—gothic style, 120 by 65, eight pinnacles, 82 feet high, six rows of pews, &c., &c.

☞ The sword, victorious and libelled, is apt to turn to a sceptre.

☞ How to Buy Furs.—In the fur business, as in all other trades, there is some knavery, and ladies should look sharply at cape, muff, or cuff before buying it. Cheap furs are sometimes dyed to resemble fine ones, and then offered at high prices. In the genuine articles, there are white hairs here and there, whilst in those which are dyed, there can, of course, be none. Let buyers look for the white hairs, and if they find them, they need not fear to purchase the article.

☞ The Red Bluff Beacon publishes among its "borns" the following:—"Born—on Saturday, the 29th ult., in this county, Col. E. A. Stevenson of a son." This is turning the tables with a vengeance; but then it is in California.

## THE LOADING OF PERCUSSION CAPS.

### A DANGEROUS BUSINESS.

This loading involves several processes, all of which, by reason of the explosiveness of the material used, are frightfully dangerous. That little cake of hard, whitey-brown matter which you hardly notice in the bottom of the cap as you hurriedly fix it to the nipple of your gun on the moors or at the rifle-range, has passed through seven stages of preparation, and at almost every state the life of the preparer was jeopardised—and not only so, but the lives of all the work-people we have seen on our way through the manufactory, and others besides. During the last three years between thirty and forty lives have been sacrificed in Birmingham alone to this one branch of the manufacture, and at least a hundred engaged in it have been maimed—some for life, and others for weeks or months, as the case may be. How? we shall see as we go on.

Our guide after showing us the various processes in the manufacture of the shell cap, conducted us from the top to the bottom of those crazy old tenements through crowds of girls, and women, and children, right away down into the cellar again; and, opening a cupboard, showed us a large brown-paper parcel containing, perhaps, a dozen or fourteen pounds of white silky needle-like crystals. If of a humorous turn of mind, he would, perhaps, make us nervous by telling us that, by pressing his two thumb nails together in the midst of that mass of crystals, he could blow up the whole of the manufactory and half the street in which it stood. Supposing he did, he would tell us truly, for the brown-paper parcel contains fulminate of mercury—the all-important ingredient in the detonating powder with which the caps are loaded. Of the terrific explosive force of this fulminate, figures will convey no adequate idea. The best plan to arrive at it would be to put a common percussion-cap on the nipple of an unloaded gun and fire it at a lighted candle some three or four yards away. You will find that, if your aim be accurate, the candle will be blown out. Then consider for a moment. There lay concealed in the drop of matter at the bottom of your percussion-cap, an amount of force sufficient to blow out your candle, and only half that drop was detonating powder, the other half being varnish to keep it in. Of the half that was detonating powder, only one-fourth part was pure fulminate of mercury, and that atom of fulminate was the only explosive agent in the whole compound. You may now form some notion of the mighty force wrapped up in that brown-paper parcel before you; it is, as our guide says, fourteen pounds of death and destruction. To release that force the slightest neglect or carelessness either in manufacture or in transit will suffice. Could it be believed, then, that the building, where tons of it are made yearly, stands next door to a national school-room, which is all day long filled with little boys and girls; and that, by one explosion—which luckily occurred on a Saturday when the children were not at school—it had already given timely warning of others to follow? Yet so it is; and the new Act of Parliament does not compel the proprietor to remove it.

And now, having examined the raw material, we are taken from the cellar to the very top of the building, into a little attic covered with a light roof, where the first process in the manufacture—"mixing"—is carried on. Our guide, with bitter but unconscious irony tells us that the mixing is done in that room because, in case of an explosion, the light roof would offer *least* resistance, *most* of the force of the explosion would go upwards, and there would not be so *many* killed. Nevertheless nineteen poor creatures recently lost their lives by an explosion in just such another room—the whole building crashed down and killed them, though there was not more than a pound of fulminate in the place.

To return: the sole occupant of the attic, at the door of which we now stand, is an elderly woman, whose length of service has proved her general carefulness, and, in the mind of her employer, has rendered her a fitting person to hold in her withered hands the lives of more than a hundred human beings. As secluded as an alchemist of old, she, like him, seems wholly absorbed in her work, for, beyond glancing hurriedly and somewhat petulantly at us as we enter, in company with our guide, she bestows no further notice upon us. Upon a table before her lies a clean sheet of brown paper, which she rubs again and again with a clean linen cloth until she is apparently satisfied that not a particle of any foreign substance remains upon it. From a strong iron safe, imbedded in the wall, she then brings out a packet of pure fulminate of mercury; and, familiar as she is with her work—she has been a "mixer" twenty years—her hand trembles nervously as she scatters a few ounces of it upon her sheet of paper. Carefully refolding the packet she replaces it, and, locking the safe-door, seems glad to be rid of so dangerous a burden. Going, then, to a closet, she takes from sundry jars certain proportions of nitre, chlorate of potash, sulphur and ground glass, each of which she damps and deposits in little heaps on separate parts of her sheet of paper. All is now ready for the most perilous part of the operation; and in the midst of a painful silence, broken only by her own heavy breathing, she takes up the sheet of paper between the thumb and finger of each hand, and letting the centre droop slightly, holds it at arm's length, and gently rolls the ingredients backwards and forwards. In her every motion there is danger. If any part of that powder be too dry; if the paper be shaken too roughly; if one end of it fall and drop the powder; if any foreign substance get among it, or if it even come into violent contact with the thumb or finger-nail, the whole of the whole exploding; and the whole premising, the operator is blown to atoms and the manufactory laid in ruins. No wonder, then, that the old woman should breathe harder and harder, and tremble more and more as she sways to and fro with her paper, in an agony of carefulness. At length she ceases, and a sense of relief comes over us. Her part of the work is completed, and we find, on inquiry, that she has transformed the several ingredients into what is called detonating or percussion-powder, ready for use in the loading of percussion caps. It may be handled more freely now, but if we are allowed to take one of the paper bags, into which it is poured, into our own hands, we must be careful not to drop it;—The concussion would explode it, perhaps, and Heaven only knows what would follow upon such a mishap!

Leaving the mixing room, we are next led to the priming room, and this we find, like the other, and for the same reason, is also an attic with a light roof. We should hardly have expected to find it next the mixing room, for we had already heard from our old friend who advised us to come here, that "priming" is at least an occupation from which very serious results might be expected. Yet there it is; and the slightest explosion in either apartment—they are only divided by a thin partition—must inevitably communicate itself to the combustibles in the other, and render the result tenfold more disastrous. The occupants of this priming room are an elderly woman—"the priming woman"—and about a dozen little girls between the ages of eight and twelve, who are called "fillers" and "wetters," and all of them are very busily employed. Half the children are sitting beside large baskets filled with the shell caps we have already seen made, and, picking them up rapidly, one by one, are placing them, mouth upwards, into a block filled with hundreds of regular indentations made to receive them. These are the "fillers," and as soon as they have filled their blocks they carry them off to the priming woman. Following the last filled, we find that the priming woman places it on a stand before her, and then has recourse to a copper contrivance which we are told is the "priming plate."—In reality it is two plates of copper, both pierced with holes to match each other, and to correspond with the indentations in the blocks we have just seen filled, and so attached to each other that the holes in the upper plate may be brought either over those in the under one, or over the solid metal between the holes at the will of the operator. At the present time she has so fixed the plate that the top holes are over the solid metal. With the utmost care she now takes a packet of the detonating powder made in the mixing room, and, sprinkling some of it over the top plate, gently brushes it into the holes with a hare's foot. This done she lifts the whole priming plate, and placing the bottom holes over the mouths of the shell caps in the block, pushes the top plate along until the holes come over each other, when, as a matter of course, the detonating powder so carefully brushed into each of the top holes falls through the bottom ones into the caps, and the caps are primed. But here again there is danger in every movement. The least particle of grit between the plates, the least pressure upon the powder, the least accident on the part of the children, and there is an explosion. If no powder in the bulk be near, it may as our guide tells us, *only* blind the priming woman for a day or two and blow out the windows; but if there be powder near, as ten chances to one there is, the result cannot be estimated. This time, however, there has fortunately been no such mishap. The block full of caps has been primed, and is now passed on to the other half of the little girls each of whom has a similar block before her, and each of whom, with a camel's-hair brush is dropping one drop of liquid shellac into each of the caps to keep the powder in. These are the "wetters," and, their work done, the caps are carried off to a stove and dried. When dried they are sent down into the packing rooms by the million; and, following them there, we shall find that, even when finished, they afford employment to some twenty or thirty work people; for, with two or three lads are for ever making little round tin boxes, half a dozen girls are making similar boxes of cardboard, and while in one corner one set of girls are busily packing the caps in the boxes, in another, another set are busily labelling them, and in the warehouses several warehouse girls, warehouse men, clerks, and porters, are constantly engaged in packing the small boxes of caps into big boxes, directing them, ranking out invoices, and seeing to their shipment to all parts of the world.

We have seen that the lives of the whole of these workpeople are in continual peril, and common sense suggests an instant remedy. Remove the fulminate of mercury from the cellar, give the primer and mixer rooms of their own at some distance from each other and the manufactory, take all those little girls away from the priming room, and let them pursue their harmless calling out of harm's way; and then, even if the worst come to the worst, more than one life need not be sacrificed by the most terrific of explosions. This no doubt was the benevolent intention of the English Parliament, when after each of the two great explosions which have happened recently, it made a law relating to "explosive compounds." But Parliament, however good its intention, did not go the right way to work. It said to these manufacturers, it is true, "You shall neither prime, nor mix, nor store your powder in the same manufactory where you do your metal work, nor within a hundred yards of any other building;" but it gave no one the right to go into these same manufactories to see whether the law was kept or broken. The result was that the manufacturers, forseeing the inconvenience and expense of having their workpeople scattered about at distances, not putting any very high estimate upon human life, and fancing the law would be inoperative if they were circumspect, closed their doors to all comers, and went on as before. By-and-by there came another explosion, and then Parliament, to remedy its former blunder, made another law giving a power of inspection, but appointed no local inspector. That is the position of the matter now, and no doubt will be until another frightful explosion shall occur to wake a dreaming legislature from its slumbers. Then, perhaps, we may get what is wanted—an Act of Parliament that shall compel percussion-cap manufacturers, like powder makers, to carry on their business in some secluded country place, where each dangerous process shall be carried on in light sheds, sufficiently far apart to prevent the destruction of one involving the destruction of the whole—work people, neighbors and property.

J. L.

### HEROIC CONDUCT OF A WOMAN.

SHE RECAPTURES A VESSEL AND NAVIGATES IT TO A PORT IN SAFETY.

Among the American vessels captured by the pirate Retribution was the American brigantine J. P. Ellicott, 233 tons, of Bucksport, Maine, A. Devereaux, master, from Boston to Cienfuegos, Cuba. She was captured on the 20th of January, in latitude 28 deg. 14 min. North, and longitude 68 deg. 55 min. West. Her officers and crew were taken on board the pirate and placed in irons. A prize crew was put on board the brig, consisting of Gilbert Hay, a Scotchman, prize-master, recently from Liverpool, and John Gilbert, mate, and five seamen.

The captain and mate of the J. P. Ellicott were accompanied by their wives. The wife of the mate was left on board the brig. This womanhood came to fear bad usage from the hands of the prize-master and his mate, and she managed to get them intoxicated, when she proposed to the seamen, who were mostly, if not all, colored people from St. Thomas, to make them prisoners and to capture the vessel. She took iron hand-cuffs from her trunk, and, with their assistance, put the pirates in irons, and took possession of the vessel on the 10th of January. She had studied navigation during the voyage with her husband, and, having assumed command, sailed for St. Thomas, till she spoke a French vessel which gave her the right course. She made Tortola, one of the Virgin Islands to the windward of St. Thomas, whence she was piloted by colored people to St. Thomas, where she arrived on the 17th ultimo, and placed her in the hands of John T. Edgar, United States Consul, who put the master, mate and five seamen on board the United S ates steamer Alabama.

### SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.

One Miss Robinson, a person of a weak but malicious turn of mind, has been often before the criminal courts of London charged with offences growing out of a troublesome hallucination, and the only wonder is that she has not long ago been sent to live permanently among the lunatics. She has for years been powerfully impressed with the idea that she has been defrauded of property to a fabulous amount, and has been in the habit of laying this pretended claim to the ownership of many mansions in the most fashionable part of London. On a recent occasion she took a party of men and went to the residence of a lady then out of town; the house was in charge of a sufficiently numerous retinue of servants who were summarily put out of doors, and in whose places were installed the party who accompanied Miss Robinson, that female herself assuming the position of lady of the mansion, and filling it with as much grace as she could command. Information was at once given to the police magistrates, and advice was asked as to the best way of ejecting the intruders. Here the beautiful simplicity of the English law began to show itself, the magistrate instituted a search in his library, and, after much anguish and dust, grabbed up a statute of Richard the Second, which seemed to be specially and exquisitely adapted to this case. The authority, as cited, is entitled 15th Rich. II., cap 2. The Statute. The only unfortunate feature of the case with reference to the remedy appeared to be that the only remedy provided appeared to be utterly inapplicable and absurdly useless; so when the magistrate had given himself a heavy headache by knocking his skull against the wooden laws of the second Richard, he decided that he could not interfere under that act. He volunteered some advice as a man, however, which he said he should take if the case were his own; he should go home and put out, perhaps by kicking, the intruders; if they resisted they would be committing an assault; and in that case he should bring them before the nearest magistrate, who would have no difficulty in dealing with them, Richard or no Richard. This excellent parable had its effect, and Miss Robinson and her family were observed, later in the day, to be at large in the public highways, destitute of shelter.

### PASSAGE OF THE BANKING BILL.

This important bill has passed the House by the strong vote of 77 yeas to 64 nays. It establishes a National system of Banking, based on deposits of Federal Securities. The bill passed exactly as it came from the Senate, so that it will not have to go back for enrollment and signature, while the President's approval is nowise doubtful.

It has been urged that this measure can afford no present relief to our overburdened Finances; and this, in a narrow, literal sense, is true; while in a larger view it is not. For the certainty that U. S. Stocks are hereafter to form the basis of our National Paper Currency must give them a new value by giving them a field which will be shut to further depreciation; but it must at the worst stop short of the point it would have reached had this bill been defeated.

☞ The fact that the "changes of life" remove evils as well as blessings, is strikingly set forth in the Arabian legend:—

An Eastern sheik came once to Solomon;
"Oh, king," said he, "life hath its changes many;
Yesterday, love and riches for us shone;—
To-day, we look about and find not any!
And day by day, and year by year that goes,
Still finds that something we held fast is fleeting;
Give then a word to comfort me in woes,
To keep me watchful when fair joys are meeting;
Something to humble in prosperity,
Yet in adversity a joy discover;
Something that like an amulet shall be."
The king said, smiling, "*This*, too, will pass over!"

☞ The best label for fruit trees, scrubs, &c., is a strip of tin about eight inches long and an inch wide, tapering to a point at one end. Paint this with white lead and mark the name with an awl, scratching it through the paint. Bend the pointed end round a small limb of the tree, which expands to its growth. So says the *Annual Register*.

### THE CONSCRIPTION BILL.

The following is a summary of the chief points of the Conscription Bill which has just passed the Senate.

After a preamble which sets forth the reasons for the measure, it is enacted that all able bodied male citizens, and foreigners who have declared their intention to become citizens, who are between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years, shall be enrolled, constitute the national forces, and liable to perform military service when called upon by the President.

Section second exempts from service such persons as are rejected as physically or mentally unfit for the service; also, first, the Vice President of the United States, the judges of the various courts of the United States, the heads of the various executive departments of the Government, and the Governors of the several states; and second, the only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support; third, the only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support; fourth, where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to draft, the father, or, if he be dead, the mother may elect which son shall be exempt; fifth, the only brother of children not twelve years old, having neither father nor mother, dependent upon his labor for support; sixth, the father of motherless children under twelve years of age dependent upon his labor for support; seventh, where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, not more than one shall be in military service of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians or privates, the residue of such family, not exceeding two, shall be exempt; and no persons but such as are herein exempted shall be exempt—provided, however, that no person who has been convicted of any felony shall be enrolled or permitted to serve in said forces.

Section third makes two classes of the enrolled citizens. The first class consists of all those subject to duty between the ages of twenty and thirty-five years, and all unmarried persons over thirty-five years who are subject to duty. The second class embraces all others subject to military duty, and they are not to be called out until the first class has been called into service.

Section four to ten inclusive makes the District of Columbia, each of the territories, and each Congressional district an enrolling district, and authorizes the appointment of a Provost Marshal for each district under whose superintendence the draft shall be made. All persons who are enrolled are liable for two years from the date of enrollment to be called into the military service of the United States for three years, unless sooner discharged.

Section twelve declares that when the draft shall be made in any district, the enrolling board for that district, consisting of three persons, the Provost Marshal as President, and having a practising physician or surgeon for one of its members, shall make a draft of the citizens subject to military duty of the number required, and fifty per cent. in excess. All conscripts are to report in ten days. Those who wish may procure exemption by furnishing a substitute, or by the payment of three hundred dollars. Any conscript failing to report for duty, or who does not procure exemption, is to be treated as a liable deserter, unless he can show he is not to military duty.

Section fourteen provides for the inspection, by an army surgeon, of all drafted men, and the discharge of those not able bodied. After the required number of able bodied men are obtained the remainder will be discharged.

Section eighteen is to encourage militia and volunteers now in the service to reinlist by the payment of additional bounties.

It is also provided that when a regiment of the same arm from any state has lost half its men by battle, that the companies of the regiment shall be consolidated, and all superfluous officers discharged. Another section empowers courts martial to reduce to the ranks officers who shall be found guilty of absence without leave, to serve three years or during the war.

The remainder of the Act provides for trials, &c., grades of rank, and is of no importance to the general public. All the most important points of the Bill are presented above.

### WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON NO SMOKERS.

On the evening of his first return from the Peninsula, Wellington was induced to join the circle of smokers at the hotel in Portsmouth, at which he put up for the night, and at which the Duke of Cumberland and some field officers were also staying. In after life the Iron Duke described the scene himself. "He sat," he said, "behind the pipe, whiffing away with a feeling of wonder, and watching with interest the countenances of the rest of the company." There were other novices there besides Lord Wellington. One by one these left the room, and did not return. He saw the old smokers were on the look-out for his turn to follow the seceders. As he continued to puff away, he said to himself, "well, it will come to an end, I suppose," and it did come to an end, before the pipe was finished, and that, too, in such a way that he never attempted to smoke again. Napoleon's disgust was even more rapidly attained; and yet he was the most inveterate snuff-taker of his day. Constant says, the Persian Ambassador had presented to the Emperor a magnificent Oriental pipe. After being shown how to operate, he desired Constant to light the pipe. Let Constant tell the rest. "I obeyed, and returned it to him in order. But scarcely had he drawn a mouthful, when the smoke, which he knew not how to expel from his mouth, turned back into his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by the nose and blinded him. As soon as he recovered breath, he said, 'take that away from me—what an abomination! Oh, the brutes! my stomach is quite upset!' In fact," adds Constant, "he felt himself so much annoyed for more than an hour, that he then and there renounced forever all desire to try the experiment again."—*Tobacco; its Use and Abuse.*

☞ FASHION AND CRUELTY.—The Brazilian ladies have live bugs and fire flies collected, to wear in their hair and attach them by a delicate wire or needle passed through the vital part of the body. This dives such extreme pain as to cause the little creatures to emit intense sparks thus imparting to the evening a dazzling and extraordinary effect. Kind ladies these.

☞ The greatest medical man who ever lived—John Hunter—recommended three rules for the management of children, and they express the substance of a volume. He says:—"Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

### TO PREVENT "CHAPPED HANDS."

The writer was formerly much troubled with chapped and cracked hands, so much so as to constantly feel uncomfortable. Latterly, I have been entirely free from this source of trouble, and except when obliged to handle frozen substances, I no more think of wearing gloves or mittens on my hands than I do of covering my face. This good result I attribute wholly to a hint given in my American Agriculturist a few years ago, which I would like to have repeated for the benefit of others. It was in effect as follows: The *cuticle* or scarf skin is designed as a hand protective covering, and when sound, it serves this purpose admirably. Pure water does not affect the cuticle; but add a little soap or other alkali to the water, and it at once attacks the cuticle and will in a short time dissolve it off. I now avoid the use of soap as much as possible, using a brush to remove most kinds of soiling. When soap is absolutely required to remove oily or greasy matters, I keep it on the hands as little time as may be, and rinse off the last vestige thoroughly, leaving none to corrode and crack the outer skin. Generally, I dip the hands in water in which a few drops of vinegar have been poured; this neutralises the alkali of the soap. Wife does the same on washing day when the hands must be put into soap suds. I formerly applied vinegar to the face after shaving, but now use a little cheap Cologne water or common whiskey, which removes the alkali, and keeps the whiskers black—not faded as when nothing was used after the lather. FARMER.

### POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice—Whose, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and Patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul,

"If it has pleased Heaven to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which he had for them. Even the convicts, among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace, *then* have they listened to me, and placed themselves in the way of salvation."—*J. Tuylor.*

A SIN-EATER.—In the secluded mountain vales of Carmathenshire, this was the custom not many years ago:—When a person died, his friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who, for the small sum of half a crown, actually took upon himself the sins of the deceased, by the simple process of eating them. The plan of operation was this:—A loaf of bread was provided, which the sin-eater first placed upon the dead person's chest, then muttering some incantations over it, finally eating it. Will it be credited that he was believed to have taken from the defunct the heavy weight of his sin, and to appropriate them to himself, for which act of kindness he was regarded by everybody as a tabooed outcast. Indeed, immediately after the ceremony was finished, and he had received his pay, he vanished in double quick time, it being the custom for the friends to belabor him with sticks, if they could catch him.

☞ A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

☞ A man isn't likely to die from having his head carried away in a fight, if 'tis his legs that carry it.

☞ "My cavalry," said Bragg, in his late despatch to Jefferson Davis, "are *close upon General* Rosecrans' *front*." "I hold the Judge down," said John Phenix "*by inserting my nose between his teeth*."

☞ Fred. Douglass says that since the uttering of the emancipation proclamation he has grown taller, felt whiter, and can comb his hair with much less difficulty.

☞ LOVE LETTERS QUICK AS THOUGHT.—London will soon be riddled by pneumonia pipes as well as underground railways. The first pips for blowing along letters at the rate of fourteen miles an hour is laid on between the North Western Rail way terminus and the district post-office of that locality.

☞ The Raleigh (rebel) State Journal of a late date says that three hundred "tories" (loyalists) are confined in Salisbury prison, "only one of whom could be found who was willing to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy."

☞ HASTINESS OF WORDS.—Scott then a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him.—*Solomon.*

☞ "Buy one of these superior razor-straps, sir, and I will tell you a secret worth double the cost—for only twenty-five cents." "I'll take one," said a by-stander. Mr Smith handed him a strop and a box of paste, and went on selling. "Look here," interrupted the purchaser, "you promised to tell me something worth double the price." "Ah, so I did," said Smith, "and it is this:—If you had bought a box of the paste for five cents and put it on to your old strop, it would have made it just exactly as good as a new one."

## LATEST NEWS.

**The Search for the Pirate Alabama.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The schr. Julia, from Kingston, Jamaica, was boarded on February 7th, off Cape Nicola, Hayti, by a boat from the United States steamer Dacotah, which is in search of the pirate Alabama. At the same time she saw the flag-ship Wachusett.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—The barque Beth, from Carthagena, arrived, reports being boarded February 8th, off Cape Antonio, by the gunboat Vanderbilt, which was on route to Kingston, Jamaica, direct, to lay off and await the pirate Alabama.

**Miscellaneous.**

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—The rebel Col. Reeves has been sent to Fort Lafayette. It seems almost certain that he is a spy.

Rumors are afloat in Richmond of an advance of the Union army into middle Tennessee.

The Mexicans are reported to have fortified Texas, some of them fighting under the United States flag. This news, however, is from rebel sources, and is scarcely to be depended upon.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—The wife of John Wilkes Booth died this morning, in Dorchester, after a brief illness.

Charles Lewis, convicted of the murder of Jas. Howard, at Trenton, has been sentenced to be hanged on the first of April next.

Among the passengers of the Europa which sailed from Halifax on Saturday was the rebel Gen. N. Sanders.

The Canada, from Liverpool on the 7th, is at Halifax. She brings 149 Lancashire operatives, sent out by Miss Burdett Coutts. The Prince of Wales has taken his seat in the House of Lords. The Queen's speech has been delivered to Parliament. It makes little reference to American affairs. The Duke of Saxe Coburg has declined the Greek throne. There are rumors of an insurrection in Cochin China.

### CREELING A BRIDEGROOM.

A curious custom, in connection with marriage, prevailed at one time in Scotland, and, from the manner in which it was carried out, was called "Creeling the Bridegroom." The mode of procedure in the village of Galashiels was as follows: Early in the day after the marriage those interested in the proceeding assembled at the house of the newly wedded couple, bringing with them a "creel," or basket, which they filled with stones. The young husband, on being brought to the door, had the creel firmly fixed upon his back, and with it in this position, had to run the round of the town, or at least the chief portion of it, followed by a number of men to see that he did not drop his burden; the only condition on which he was allowed to do so being that his wife should come after him, and kiss him. As relief depended altogether upon the wife it would sometimes happen that the husband did not need to run more than a few yards; but when she was more than ordinary bashful or wished to have a little sport at the expense of her lord and master—which it may be supposed would not unfrequently be the case—he had to carry his load a considerable distance. This custom was very strictly enforced, for the person who was last creeled had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that none should escape. The practice, as far as Galashiels was concerned, came to an end about sixty years ago, in the person of Robert Young, who, on the pica of illness, lay in bed all the day after his marriage, and obstinately refused to get up and be creeled. He had been twice married before, and no doubt felt that he had had enough of creeling.

☞ The noblest productions of a people are its best men. They are its praise and prosperity. Every one takes pride in them, and in some sort partakes of their gifts.—*Alcott.*

☞ There is a world of meaning in the following rather liberal translation from Frenville:—

"As the clock strikes the hour, how often we say
Time flies, when 'tis we that are passing away."

☞ Dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mantua maker's shop in this city reads thus:—"N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever."

☞ A WARNING TO BORES.—Gall Hamilton says:—"Do not, Messrs. Bores, think to retrieve your characters by coming into my house and sitting mute for two hours. Heaven forbid that your blood should be found on my skirts! but I believe I shall kill you if you do."

☞ KNOCKING UNDER.—"Talk about your hereditary patriotism," cried X., "why, my father fought under Gen. Jackson!" "I thought they were deadly enemies," said a gentleman of the old school. "So they were," responded X., "and the only time they ever fought, Jackson was on top."

☞ A SUMMER PILL AND A STRONG PILL.—Such is the remarkable degree of physical strength to which Dr. G. B. Windship, "the strong man," has brought himself by persistent training, that his patients are protesting loudly against his physique, as being too much for them.

☞ Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society? Because they are the least barefaced.

☞ There is more money made off the follies of mankind, than from any other source. Saloons, gambling hells, and places of amusement flourish almost everywhere. The largest house in the world is a tobacco warehouse in London.

☞ WHY LEAP YEAR IS CALLED BISSEXTILE.—Leap year is called Bissextile, because when the calendar was first corrected by Julius Cæsar, the sixth of the Kalends of March (Feb. 23d) was *doubled*, or *repeated* (bis sexto) every fourth year.

☞ SPECKS.—Bankers and others are running wild. If a man has stocks and yet owes money, there never was a better time to pay.

☞ VOWS, like watch-strings, are frequently broken when they bind a person too tightly.

☞ A *horse-dealer, describing a used-up horse, said "he looked as if he had been editing a country newspaper."*

## SANS COEUR.

[The following bit of sarcasm, the authorship of which is not given,—like

"—A curse from the depths of womanhood,
Its very salt, and bitter, and good."]

A dove sat shining on a tree,
Above the nest which was her home,
Cooing her one note, while the sun
Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild-cat sat in the grass below,
In the air a merlin rose;
But the dove was too high for the cat to climb,
And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A viper looked up with diamond eyes,
And longed to be round her throat,
She could not abide such airs, she said,
As always singing one note.

The hawk screamed, "She's too big for me!"
The cat said, "She's too high for cats;
So I, to fill my vulgar maw,
Must munch the mice and crunch the rats."

There came a man across the wood—
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest—
"It was very good sport," said he.

A girl stood in the hall that night,
Shining over the ball-room floor;
And the rest were nearly dying with spite,
For the men stood gazing by wall and door.

The wild-cat stood and twirled his mustache,
The hawk left the card-room table,
And both were longing to carry her off,
And only wished they were able.

And the viper came up, so smoothe and lithe,
Hanging on her partner's arm—
Came to call her, "My dove, my dear!"
And to sneer at each girlish charm.

There came a man across the floor,—
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And over and over again they danced,
While the music lilted merrily.

The hawk and the wild-cat sneered and sighed,
But the viper's remark came true,
"He never means to care for her,
And she ought to have known it, too."

The girl lies in the church-yard, dead;
The dove hangs dead in the tree;
And he thought of both on his dying bed—
"Alas! that seemed good sport!" said he.

## A PICTURE IN THREE PANELS.

How many years is it, I ask, since I first listened to that music? And you come and lean over the back of my chair and call me foolish. I know you are there, though I do but look on into the fire and read from a book whose pages no printing press hath touched. Foolish, am I? Well, I am only living over again some old days, happy and unhappy, which have made you and me what we are. Foolish! You forget that you have been playing the "Coro religioso," and that when I first heard it—well, go your way, and while you are gone, let me think out the story, and paint my picture.

### PANEL I.

You stood, one of a merry party, near the piano, with your hand on the chair of the player. even as it rested on mine but now. I saw you for the first time, and you were singing the "Coro religioso;" I heard your voice among all others, distinct and clear. I was to have taken the Count's part, but foolish then as I am now, some strange bewilderment seized me, and your Cousin Ernest Haughton stepped forward with his resolute, musical "No, no, non piu," which I ought to have sung. I sank back abashed, and looked at you both. His hand touched your shoulder—how dared he? And I saw how handsome he was, how polished; with "gentleman" written in every line of his mobile face and every movement of his figure. I heard some one say, "well matched," and it was true. You looked well together—a fitting couple. Do you see me there, in the dark shadow of the door, biting my moustache and watching you? I was a great, strong, rough fellow compared with Ernest, and I felt it. I was unused to ladies' society; no mother or sister had taught me gentleness, or its simulation; and so, seeing you for the first time, and feeling my own awkwardness, jealousy took possession of me. I would have had that smoothfaced Ernest out on the hill side with the hounds in full cry and a mighty fence before him; then, would he have beaten me? But there, in the drawing-room, he shone and triumphed, while I stood in the shade watching him.

There is the first panel of my picture. You remember it, I know, but it is not written on your brain as it is on mine.

Its color was on the days that followed, and it had set a mark on my life for ever. You know how at first you thought me shy and awkward, and in your kindness tried to draw out my scanty words on every occasion; at least, I thought so, and I would not be drawn out. I peferred watching you and your cousin, gloomily; I was in a fever of infatuation, or I should have quitted the house that held you at once, instead of lingering on, buying dearly my first knowledge of the great passions of life. Ernest Haughton would have made friends with me, but I repulsed him; at times I heard him speak light words which shook my first acknowledgment of admiration for him, and I believe from my heart that he was not worthy of you. Was I? That question never occurred to me; I contented myself with seeing his faults, not thinking of my own. I had a jealous envy of him, for all that; I delighted to outdo him in any way; often I have startled you by some wild feat of daring which I knew Ernest with all his high spirit, would never attempt, but he only laughed at me. Once, I remember, your face grew pale at a momentary danger which I had scorned to fear, and when I saw that, a mad impulse came upon me, and I snatched your hand and pressed my lips upon it. Even then Ernest only turned away to hide a smile. I saw it though; I fancied it was a smile of triumph, and the thought drove me wild. He knew his security, and mocked my weakness. I felt, too, that your manner grew colder and more distant after that.

One day I came upon you suddenly amongst the shrubs; you were looking after the figure of Ernest in the distance, and there was sorrow in your face.

"He is going to leave us," you said. "He joins his ship to-morrow; and the separation is a painful one."

I could not keep my tone from being bitter; and you looked at me with reproachful wonder as you answered:

"Of course. He is my cousin."

A wild hope leaped up in my heart then for a moment, but it sank as quickly. I put it down with a strong hand, feeling that it was madness. I could bear this state of things no longer.

"I shall leave you, too," I said; "but that will be little loss."

You gave me no answer; and the ungraciousness of my speech struck me. But your head was turned away; I thought you were still looking after Ernest, and I did leave you. I said no further good-bye to you, but went away silent and miserable, determining to put you out of my thoughts for ever: as if such a thing were in one's own power.

For twelve long months I never saw you; I hunted, and shot, and fished; I tramped the country, high and low, but I bore about with me always the first panel of my picture; and nothing could drive out from my dreams the voice of Ernest with his "No, no, non piu," which should have been mine.

I had been rambling for some days amongst the Scottish hills, when the fine weather changed to rain—incessant, heavy; and I was kept prisoner at a wretched inn, where there was nothing to do or to see except the fierce splashes which beat against the window and ran down it in streams. I asked the waiter if it always rained there, and though his answer was as comforting as the response of a brother waiter to a similar query—"Na, na, man, it anaws whiles," yet he took pity upon my feckless, do-nothing condition, and brought in a pile of old newspapers. I turned them over listlessly. You know what caught my eye; the wreck of a vessel and the names of the lost: Lieutenant Ernest Haughton amongst them. I looked at the date—it was six months back. Forgive me for it, you who know how my whole heart was still clinging about you; could I help the joy that burst from my lips that moment? I did not think of Ernest, of death, or of those who mourned his loss; I thought only that you were free; and that in the possible future which stretched out before my eyes, it might be mine to make up to you for a past sorrow.

I started in the pouring rain: what did I care for that then? I never slackened my speed till I stood once more in the well-known room, and saw you. You were in mourning too: I looked at it jealously at first, thinking that six months had surely been sufficient tribute to the memory of a cousin. But my head grew dizzy as I looked at you, till your exclamation, half of pleasure, half of dismay, made me conscious of the figure I presented. Dabbled, mud-stained, a great rough fellow then as formerly, I stood before you ashamed of myself.

"If you did but know," I stammered, "how I have longed to see you again; how I have travelled night and day without stopping—"

You broke into my speech, to insist that I needed rest and refreshment, and must have it. You did welcome me—how I blessed you for it.

By-and-by you spoke to me of Ernest Haughton, and I took courage to ask one daring question, which nothing but your goodness could have pronounced excusable.

"Tell me one thing," I said. "Were you engaged to Ernest?"

The words slipped from my tongue, as though they had burnt it, and you looked at me calmly and answered "No."

But then I believed in my secret heart that it was only the word engagement which had been wanting. I hoped, however, from the calmness of your answer, that you were learning to forget; I must give you time for that. You would have talked on about Ernest, his friends, and the shock his death had been, but I changed the subject, and avoided it studiously. I wanted him to be far away in the past, not talked of, but forgotten. I flattered myself that I did not care what he had been to you once, now that it was all over, and I could not help my jealous nature, nor the madness which stung me at times when I heard you pronounce his name with—as I fancied—such regretful tenderness.

I curbed down my impatience for a while with the reflection that I must let you forget him; and then—remember it—I told my tale.

You seemed touched; I saw your lips tremble, but no word came from them. Then I went on, following up my own ideas and acting upon them. I said I did not care for first love—which was false—I wanted you to give me what you could; in time it would be your whole heart, I trusted; and if some passing fancy had ever bound you to another, let it be forgotten. So that it was really past, I would never rake up its ashes.

You turned to me smiling, and asked me falteringly, "Was I less exacting than others, that I promised so readily to be satisfied with a wornout heart?"

Satisfied! No, I warned you of my jealous nature, but the music of a hundred joy-bells rang in my ears and stumbled from my tongue as I did so. Vehement and passionate always, I scarcely think the old fire has died out of me even yet. At that time I might surely, in my security, have spoken of your cousin, and learnt the depth of your sorrow for him, but I would not. The sting which his name held even then terrified me, and I avoided all mention of him.

You seemed, too, so quiet and undisturbed, while the excitement of my new happiness was filling me with exuberant life, that I could not help at times tormenting myself with the reflection that it was neither new nor strange to you, as it was to me. I did not care much then, however; I was too happy, and I trusted to time. So that I might be with you, and know that you were my promised wife, I could be satisfied.

And you had always a welcome for me; were always ready to listen to my eager plans for the future, and to sympathise with them. Do you remember these summer evenings? How we lingered in the coppice of Fernwood, and saw the sun-light on the mill-stream; glancing through the trees, and playing among the underwood? How we sat on grassy knolls and talked, letting the time slip by unheeded, till you would suddenly start up and say there would be a scolding waiting for you at home? I know about those scoldings, do I not? A grave word of anxiety lest you should have taken cold, or stayed out too long; for I was not half careful enough of you. And do you remember standing with me in the shrubbery on the spot where Ernest Haughton had parted from you; and a momentary fancy came into my head that you were thinking of him. But when I looked into your quiet, contented face, and my thought died before it could have reached my lips. That was the eve of our wedding-day. We were married. I cannot think of that time calmly; even now, when I would put the starner touches to my picture, the excitement of that new happiness comes back to bid me pause.

Idiot, that I was! How came it that, by-and-by, dark thoughts began to rise up in my heart, and to have a recognized place there? That I looked upon your calm content, and thought, with a jealous pang, that you were not happy with me; that what you had given me was not love, but the dregs of the warm heart which had gone down under the waves with Ernest Haughton: I don't know how it came about, but so it was. With a wonderful aptitude for self-torment, I raked up all the circumstances, throwing over them the one color which distorted my own vision. And there grew up a strange coldness between us; I sought after solitude, that I might brood over my thoughts: and if at times you came near and I caught the look of wondering sorrow in your face, I stifled the pang it gave me with the counter thought that it was a sorrow to which I could not minister if I would; a sorrow for the dead.

Why did you bear with me so long and patiently, never uttering one word of reproach? At first, indeed, you used to ask why I was moody and sad, but a cold answer, or a vehement one which you did not understand, sent you away silenced. And this mute forbearance only strengthened the idea that I was nothing to you. Foolish then, if you like; and yet in that folly I was unutterably miserable. Miserable because you were so dear to me; because your very presence, or the touch of your hand, would send a thrill through every pulse, and yet I could do nothing to make you happy. I could do nothing but indulge bitterly the feeling that our marriage was a mistake, and you did not love me. What wonder if day by day you grew more distant and reserved, and I more gloomy, while the barrier between us strengthened? Ours was a strange honeymoon, was it not?

### PANEL II.

I was sitting over the fire moodily, thinking as usual, wondering how long our life was to go on thus, and how it would end; wandering back again to my wild days among the Scotch hills, to the pile of old newspapers, and the tidings that sent me off through the pouring rain in search of you. My back was to the door, but when I heard it open gently I knew that you were there. You came and stood near me on the rug, and spoke, with your voice a little roused from its usual passionless calm. For you see from the very first you had been so quiet, and my vehement nature craved something more demonstrative. I heard you then with the old thrill stirring my heart, and I traced an wonted excitement in your tone.

"A strange thing has happened," you said, "and I have come to tell you of it."

"Well, I am listening."

For a moment you hesitated, and then went on. And I saw that you held an open letter in your hand.

"My Cousin Ernest was not drowned as we believed. He and four of the crew were saved; they have been brought off one of the lone islands of the Pacific and are in England."

I never moved. Sitting there with your shadowy presence near me, my wife, I saw in the fire the first panel of my picture, and heard the voice of Ernest break in upon the Nuns' chorus. For you the sea gave back its dead, and for me what remained? But I knew that you expected me to say something, and I spoke, not in congratulation or rejoicing, I was not false enough for that.

"You must give your cousin a welcome," I said. "You will be glad to see him—of course he will come here."

You did not answer. I would not raise my face though I was conscious that you sought to read it. I could not meet that mournful, inquiring look of yours which was wont to fill me with inexpressible tenderness.

You turned and went away silently, and left me to my musing. I hardly knew what I thought or felt, or wished for. The jealous envy which had been growing up for Ernest dead, changed into disgust and hatred against Ernest living; and across it there came a mockery of gladness in your pleasure at seeing him again. I shunned you less at that time than usual; I could not keep from following you with my eyes compassionately, thinking how I was in the way for ever, and but for me you might be happy.

You remember the day your cousin came. I got up a show of welcome: though lionised and *feted* as the hero of the wreck had been, he seemed more intolerable to me than ever. But you were gayer than usual; at dinner you talked lightly, with a make-believe, as I thought, of happiness before him. You were interested in his adventures and drew him out; I alone sat silent and stupid. When you left us, I holding open the door for you, ventured to look once into your face. Its gayety was gone, and a wan, dreary exhaustion had come over it. I put my hand over my eyes for a moment, feeling that the table with its glasses and decanters reeled before them.

As I sat down your cousin cried out with a great outburst—

"What on earth is amiss with Ellen?—She looks like the ghost of herself."

I bottled with a quick pain at my heart, and made some trivial answer. I hated the sight of his handsome face at my table.

"Ellen used to bear a great deal of persecution from me," he went on, holding up his glass to the light. "You know I was going to be married before that last trip, and when the affair was put off, I made a sort of scape goat of Nelly, and bored her unmercifully. One woman doesn't often hear another praised as patiently as she did. The only time we ever quarreled was about you, old fellow."

I carried my glass to my lips steadily and put it down untasted, but I could not trust my voice to speak.

"I dare say she has told you all about it. You know you were inclined to be ferocious at times, and I got a bad habit of calling you Ursa Major, &c. You needn't frown about it. The fact was I saw which way the wind blew, and couldn't resist the fun of having something to tease Nelly about in her turn. I had to be very humble before I got forgiven, and I knew then that Ellen was done for."

"Will you help yourself?" I said, breaking my silence suddenly. I should have liked to get up and shake hands with him, but for the thought that it might be dangerous.

"No more wine," said Ernest. "But if you have any place big enough to swing a cat in, where one might make a brute of oneself with a mild cigar—"

### PANEL III.

I don't know how to paint it. You were sitting by the fire in the twilight, and your head was bent, with one hand shading your face, and the other holding a book which you were not reading. Were you thinking then of the days gone by, and wondering at the dark spirit which had taken possession of your husband? Lights and shadows fell over your face from the fire, but its expression of sadness never changed. And I, knowing what I had been all this time; thinking of my blundering and folly; seeing it in its true light: how could I speak to you?

I don't know what I said, but I know that the first words of remorse and self-accusation brought your hand to cover my lips gently; and I know that I was happy then as I had never deserved to be: happy afterwards, even in confessing my madness, and hearing your tales of Ernest's infatuation about some one else; in watching the sorrowful look pass from your face, and its old brightness come back.

"But if it was about Ernest that I had been so—foolish, why did I always stop you when you spoke of him, instead of letting you tell me all?"

That was one of the questions I could not answer. But I should think that your cousin, when he came in from his mild cigar, must have imagined that dinner was a wonderful improver of Ursa Major's temper.

Are you there again behind my chair? Well, I have finished the picture, and you may look at it. I have had it in my mind's eye this many a day, and now it is done.—There is one comforting reflection about it, viz.: if it is true that all men are mad once in their lives, surely my time is over. You were too gentle with me; you should have called me to account instead of bearing all things so patiently. Never mind! we have learnt each other by heart now. One's first untried affection may be faulty and vacillating, but in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the holy love of married years does but grow firmer and deeper, and more indispensable as it loses its novelty. What do you say?

LOUIS SAND.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Soon after my arrival in London, I had the supreme satisfaction of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington. A grand ball was given at Willis Rooms—it was called the Waverly Ball, and its leading feature consisted in the formation of several sets of quadrilles, each of which was danced by sixteen couple costumed to represent the characters in one of Scott's novels. The crowd at the entrance to the rooms, as well as the crowd within, was immense. As I ascended the grand staircase, I heard shouts from the crowd at the entrance. Turning round, I said, aloud, "I wonder what they are shouting for?" The Duke of Wellington was at my elbow, and supposing I had addressed him, replied, in his usual dry way, "I suppose it is either for you or me, sir." As I saw that the Duke would have had some difficulty in making his way through the throng to the upper end of the room, I was glad to escape from my confusion, and atone for my apparent rudeness, by opening a path for him. When we reached the upper end, he bowed to me, and said, "Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to see you at the Apsley House, if you are fond of pictures."

I need not say that I allowed very few days to elapse before I presented myself at the gate of the mansion, which still, in its protection of iron blinds, reminded the passer-by that the Duke had once found it necessary to protect his windows from mob fury. The Duke received me very kindly, and at once led me to the Waterloo gallery—a long room in which he was accustomed annually to entertain the old heroes of the great fight of June 18th, 1815. Many of the pictures were the work of Wilkie, Jan Steen, Gainsborough, etc. There were numerous portraits of the Duke's companions in arms, and of Napoleon, whose military genius he seemed delighted to honor. There was a colossal statue of Napoleon at the foot of the stairs. There was but one picture of the battle of Waterloo in the gallery, and as it represented Napoleon and his staff, with the British in the remote distance, almost enveloped in smoke, I ventured to ask his Grace which was the best representation of the battle he had ever seen. "All bad, sir. A battle cannot be painted. It is continual motion. I chose this because I cannot say it was false. It is quieter than any of the others."

He then proceeded to descant on the false goods perpetuated by painters.

"Now," said he, "there's Mr. Barker's picture of my meeting with Blucher on the field of Waterloo. It is absurd. He has made us in the act of saluting with our cocked hats. That was not the way of it at all. Blucher rushed up to me at La Belle Alliance, threw his arms around my neck, kissed me, and covered me with mud. I see that Maclise has sent in a design for a fresco illustration of this event in the House of Lords; but from the description given of it in the papers, I fear it will be no nearer to the truth than Barker's."

There is a picture extant of the Duke showing the present Duchess, the Marchioness of Douro, the localities of the chief incidents of Waterloo. I remarked—

"The likeness of your Grace is good."

"Yes," he replied; "but the devil of it is that the whole picture is false. I never took the Marchioness to Belgium at all."

Seeing him in a chatty humor, I ventured to inquire if it were true that he cried out, "Up Guards and at them!" at the crisis of Waterloo. He said—

"It stands to reason I couldn't be such a d—d fool. I was a quarter of a mile away, and couldn't have been heard. Maybe some of the staff called out to the Guards to rise out of the corn where they were lying down. I merely said, 'Let the line advance.'"

On a latter occasion, I found the Duke in a gallery of Illustration, scrutinizing a picture of himself looking at the dead body of Crawford as it lay in a Spanish chapel after the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. I inquired—

"Is it like, sir?"

"All a lie," he answered. "I never was there; never saw Crawford after he fell."

So much for pictures. For a long time there was one—nay, more than one—exposed for sale, representing Lord Cardigan leaping over a gun at Balaklava. When the Prince of Wales saw this, he asked me, as I was standing by, whether Lord Cardigan really did accomplish the feat, and on my replying in the negative, he exclaimed—

"Then why do they perpetuate such errors?"

## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air,
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
Alas, we think not that we daily see,
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

## POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on his left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially if soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate attempt to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are not able to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—when the trembling building crushes us—what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## WHAT THEN?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hours of sight,
After its dream so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world we loved too well;
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world we loved too well;
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

## THE EX-QUEEN OF GREECE.

No doubt Prince Alfred knows the story of the ex-Queen of Greece. If he had not that throne he would have felt some touches of compassion for her, notwithstanding her disrepute and her unpardonable offence.—For the sake of her dreams and her fate he would have pitied her: but, as it is, her story must be an impressive warning to him. She, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, was no more warranted in forming visions of being a great Eastern Queen than any other young lady in the school-room: but she set her heart upon Greece as the country she was to restore to greatness. She had, I believe, met Prince Otho as a boy at some German watering-place; and she so met him again when he was talked of for the throne of Greece. Her mind was now made up to be Queen of Greece, and to revive its greatness in the form of the most brilliant of modern Empires. Her ambition, vanity, and want of sense operated to show how much more is necessary to such a work than grand ideas and strong passions and a stubborn will. She took the power out of her husband's hands presently; but she could do nothing with it. She did nothing for the substantial interests of the country; she let herself be made a tool of by rapacious German courtiers; she offered to the Czar to betray, as far as she could contrive to do so, the other protecting Powers, and was intriguing with Russia against England, France and Sardinia during the Crimean war: and she has ever since had to endure the burden of the contempt and vigilant dislike of the Emperor of the French. Her friend, the late Czar, shook his head, and said she "began too soon."

When she boasted of the great Hellenic Empire she was founding, and pointed to the great palace the unborn Emperors were to occupy, the agricultural country of Greece had only 100,000 men employed in cultivating the soil. There were only 12,000,000 acres altogether; and only one-ninth part was private property; and this busy ruler saw with indifference the private estates crushed under the burden of taxes, and the rest lying unretrieved, in swamp or drought. Here there was an expanse of marshes, spreading in all directions from year to year; and elsewhere there was a desert where the streams were perpetually shrinking, and the water-springs had long been dried up. The Bavarians at court flourished like the green bay-tree: but nothing else throve. As the soil grew barren, the boast was of commerce as a means of Greek greatness; but there were only 18,000 seamen in the country; and the Emperor Nicholas smiled in his cabinet at the idea of a nation consisting of 1,000,000, when Otho became King, with means to develope the private estates, and without a Government which could set about saving the public lands,—a people actually importing corn, and without prospect of sufficient bread,—proposing to turn the Turks out of Europe, and to reign at Constantinople under the smile of approving Czars. She "began too soon," he said; and he is understood to have foreseen that, unless she speedily changed her course, she would find herself once more seated behind her embroidery-frame in an old German castle, wiping away her ceaseless tears of mortification at the loss of such a chance for greatness as has very rarely fallen to the lot of woman. The Emperor Nicholas was in his tomb many years before the catastrophe arrived, and the humiliation of the dreamer is greater in proportion. She has not mended her aims or her ways; the country has not improved; and the unworthy sovereigns are discovered, not on the complaint of betrayed protectors, but by a disgusted and indignant people. Not allowed to land, in their return from an excursion, they humbled themselves painfully and unavailingly. The King would make any concessions, but "it was too late;" and the Queen sat passionately weeping—remembering, possibly, that other reproach of being "too soon," and seeing, possibly, at last that both rebukes were deserved by rulers who had neglected the primary duties of government to revel in wild dreams of empire. There she is at last in the old German castle, without a single comforting thought to rest on, as she bends over her embroidery-frame! She rides out daily, we are told, with such appearance of court attendance as she can muster; but the familiar scenery must be painful to her, not only because it is not Greece, but because it must revive many of the notions of her youth, now turned to shame and despair.

☞ The new bonnets are called "sky-scrapers"—because angels wear them, we suppose.

☞ No nation yet has been allowed to fatten into noblemen.

## DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley;
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

# SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER I.

THE SCARLET CRAVAT.

The fine hot summer had faded into autumn and the autumn would soon be fading into winter. All signs of the harvest had disappeared. The farmers had gathered the golden grain into their barns; the meads looked bare, and the partridges hid themselves in the stubble left by the reapers.

Perched on the top of a stile, which separated one field from another, was a boy of some fifteen years. Several books, a strap passed round to keep them together, were flung over his shoulder, and he sat throwing some stones into a pond close by, softly whistling as he did so. The stones came out of his pocket. Whether stored there for the purpose to which they were now being put, was best known to himself. He was a slender, well-made boy, with finely-shaped features, a clear complexion, and eyes dark and earnest. A refined face; a good face—and you have not to learn that the face is the outward index of the mind within—an index that never fails for those gifted with the power to read the human countenance.

Before him, as he sat on the stile, at a short distance, lay the village of Barbrook. A couple of miles beyond the village was the large town of Barmoster. But you could get to the town if you pleased without taking the village *en route*. As to the village itself, there were several ways of reaching it. There was the path through the fields, right in front of the stile where that school-boy was sitting; there was the green and shady lane (fence deep in mud sometimes;) and there were two high roads. To look at the signs of vegetation round (not that the vegetation was of the richest kind,) you would not suspect that the barren and black lands of coal fields lay so near. But four or five miles away in the opposite direction, that is, behind the boy and the stile, the coal pits flourished. Farm-houses were scattered within view, had the young gentleman on the stile chosen to look at them; a few gentlemen's houses, and many cottages and hovels. To his left hand, glancing over the field and across the upper road—the road which did not lead to Barbrook, but to Barmester on a slight eminence, rose the fine but old-fashioned mansion called Trevlyn Hold. Bearing rather to the right at the back of him was the less pretentious, but comfortable dwelling, called Trevlyn Farm. Trevlyn Hold, formerly the property and residence of Squire Trevlyn, had passed, with that gentleman's death, into the hands of Mr. Chattaway, who now lived in it; his wife having been the squire's second daughter. Trevlyn Farm was tenanted by Mr. Ryle; and he now sitting on the stile was Mr. Ryle's eldest son.

There came scuffling along the field-path from the village a wan-looking, under-sized girl, as fast as her dilapidated shoes permitted her. The one shoe was tied on with a piece of rag; the other, being tied on with nothing, came off perpetually, thereby impeding her progress. She had nearly gained the pond, when a boy considerably taller and stronger than the one on the stile came flying down the field from the left, and planted himself in her way.

"Now then, you little toad! Do you want another buffetting?"

"Oh, please sir, don't stop me!" she cried, beginning to sob unnecessarily loud. "Father's a dying, and mother said I was to run and tell them at the farm. Please let me go by."

"Did I not order you yesterday to keep out of these fields?" asked the tall boy. "There's the lane and there are the roads open to you; how dare you come here? I promised you I'd shake the inside out of you if I caught you here again, and now I'll do it."

"I say," called out the boy on the stile, at this juncture the lad on the stile, "you keep your hands off her."

The child's sensitive turned sharply round at the sound. He had not seen that anybody was there. For one moment he relaxed his hold of the girl, but the next appeared to think better of it, and began to shake her. She turned her face, quite a sight with its tears and its dirt, towards the stile.

"Oh, master George, make him let me go! I'm a hastening on to your house, Master George. Father, he's lying all white upon the bed; and mother said I was to come off and tell the missus."

George leaped off the stile, and advanced.

"You let her go, Cris. Chattaway."

Cris. Chattaway turned his anger upon George.

"Mind your own business, you beggar! It is no concern of yours."

"It is, if I choose to make it mine. Let her go, I say. Don't be a coward."

"What's that you call me?" asked Cris. Chattaway. "A coward! Take that."

He had picked up a hard clod of earth, and dashed it in George Ryle's face. The boy was not one to stand a gratuitous blow, and Mr. Christopher, before he knew what was coming, found himself on the ground. The girl, released, flew to the stile, and scrambled over it head foremost. George stood his ground, waiting for Cris. to get up; he was less tall and strong, but he would not run away.

Christopher Chattaway slowly gathered himself up. He was a coward; and fighting when it came to close quarters, was not to his mind. Stone throwing, or water squirting, or pea shooting—any safe annoyance that might be carried on at a distance, he was an adept in; but hand-to-hand fighting—Cris. did not relish that.

"See if you don't suffer for this, George Ryle!"

George laughed good-humoredly, and sat down on the stile as before. Cris. was dusting the earth off his clothes.

"You have called me a coward, and you have knocked me down. I'll put it in my memorandum book, George Ryle."

"Put it," equably returned George. "I never knew any *but* cowards set upon girls."

"I'll set upon her worse, if I catch her using this path. *There's* not a more impudent little wretch than that in all the parish. Let her try it on again, that's all."

"She has a right to use this path, as much as I have."

"Not if I choose to say she shan't use it. You won't have the right long."

"Oh, indeed!" said George. "Who is to take it from me?"

"The squire says he shall shut up this way through the fields."

"*Who* says it?" asked George, with marked emphasis—and the sound grated on Cris. Chattaway's ear.

"The squire says so," he roared. "Are you deaf?"

"Ah!" said George. "But Mr. Chattaway can't do it. My father says he has not the power."

"*Your* father!" contemptuously rejoined Cris. Chattaway. "He would like his leave asked, perhaps. When the squire says he shall do a thing he means it."

"At any rate, it is not done yet," was the significant answer of George. "Don't boast, Cris."

Cris. had been making off, and was some distance up the field. He turned to address George.

"You know, you beggar, that if I don't go in and polish you off, it's because I don't condescend to tarnish my hands. When I fight I like to fight with gentle people." And, with that he turned tail, and decamped quicker than before.

"Just so," shrieked out George. "Especially if they wear petticoats."

A sly shower of earth came in answer. But it happened, every bit of it, to steer clear of him, and George kept his seat and his equanimity.

"What has he been doing now, George?"

George turned his head; the question came from some one close behind him. There stood a lovely boy of some twelve years old, with beautiful features, dark blue eyes, and light, silky hair.

"Where did you spring from, Rupert?"

"I came down by the hedge. You did not hear me. You were calling after Cris. Has he been beating you, George?"

"Beating me!" returned George, throwing back his handsome face, with a laugh. "I don't think he would like to try that on, Rupert. He could not beat me with impunity, as he does you."

Rupert—his name was Rupert Trevlyn—laid his cheek down on the top rail of the stile, and fixed his eyes on the clear blue of the evening sky—for the sun was drawing towards its setting. He was a sensitive, romantic, strange sort of boy; gentle and loving by nature, but given to violent fits of passion. People said he inherited the latter from his grandfather, the squire. Others of the squire's descendants had inherited the same. Under happier auspices Rupert might have learnt to subdue these bursts of passion. Had he possessed a kind home, loving friends, what might he not have become?

"George, I wish my papa had lived!"

"The whole parish has need to wish that, as well as you, Rupert. I wish you stood in his shoes! That's what I wish."

"Instead of Uncle Chattaway. Old Canham says I ought to stand in them. He says he thinks I shall, some time, because justice is nearly sure to come uppermost in the end."

"Look here, Rupert!" gravely returned George Ryle. "Don't you go listening to old Canham. He talks nonsense, and it will do neither of you good. If Chattaway heard but a tithe of what he sometimes says, he'd turn him from the lodge, neck and crop, in spite of Miss Diana. What *is* can't be helped, you know, Rupert."

"But Cris. has no right to inherit Trevlyn over me."

"He has the right of law, I suppose," answered George; "at least, he will have it. Make the best of it, Ru. There are lots of things that I have to make the best of. I got a caning yesterday for another boy, and I had to make the best of it."

Rupert still looked up at the sky. "If it weren't for Aunt Edith, I'd run away," quoth he.

"You little stupid! Where would you run to?"

"Anywhere. Uncle Chattaway gave me no dinner to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because Cris. carried a tale to him. But it was a lie, George."

"Did you tell Chattaway it was a lie?"

"Yes. But where's the use? He always believes Cris. before me."

"Have you had no dinner?"

Rupert shook his head. "I snatched a bit of bread off the tray as they were carrying it through the hall, and a piece of fat that Cris. left on his plate, and wouldn't eat. That's all I had."

"Then I'd advise you to make double quick haste home to your tea," said George, jumping over the stile. "As I am going to do mine."

He, George, ran swiftly across the back fields towards his home. Looking back when he was well on his way, he saw the lad, Rupert, still leaning on the stile with his face turned upward. "I wish we had a plentiful home," thought George to himself, in his generosity. "I would ask them to let Rupert come to it."

Meanwhile the little tatterdemalion of a girl had scuffled along to Trevlyn farm—a very moderate sized house, with a rustic porch covered with jessamine, and a large garden, more useful than ornamental, intervening between it and the high road. The garden path, leading to the porch, was straight, and somewhat narrow; on either side rose alternately cabbage-rose trees and hollyhocks. Gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, apple, plum, and other plain fruit trees, grew amidst vegetables of various sorts. A productive garden, if not an elegant one. At the side of the house was the fold-yard palings and a five-barred gate, dividing it from the public road, and at the back of the house were situated the barns and other out-door buildings!

From the porch, the entrance was direct into a room, as is often the case in farm houses. It was sometimes called "the best kitchen," sometimes "Nora's room." Nora generally sat in it; George and his brother did their lessons in it; the real kitchen being at the back. A parlor opening from this room on the right, whose window looked into the fold-yard, was the general sitting-room of the family. The best sitting-room, a really handsome apartment, was on the other side of the house. As the girl scuffled up to the porch, an active, black-eyed, talkative little woman, of five or six-and-thirty, saw her approach from the window of the best kitchen. It was Nora. What with the child's ragged frock and tippet, her broken straw bonnet, her slipshod shoes, and her face smeared with dirt and tears, she looked wretched enough. The girl's father, Jim Sanders, was the carter to Mr. Ryle. He had been at home ill the last day or two, or, as the phrase ran in the farm, was "off his work."

"If ever I saw such an object!" was Nora's exclamation. "How *can* her mother keep her in that state? Just look at that Betty Sanders, Mrs. Ryle!"

Sorting large bunches of sweet herbs on a table at the back of the room, was a tall, upright woman. Her dress was plain, but her manner and bearing bespoke the lady. Those familiar with the district would have recognized in her handsome, but somewhat masculine face, a likeness to the well-formed, powerful features of the late Squire Trevlyn. She was that gentleman's eldest daughter, and had given mortal umbrage to her family when she quitted Trevlyn Hold to become the second wife of plain Farmer Ryle.—George Ryle was not her son. She had but two children: Trevlyn, a boy two years younger than George; and a little girl of eight, named Caroline.

Mrs. Ryle turned round, and glanced at the garden path and at Letty Sanders.

"She *is* an object! See what she wants, Nora."

Nora, who had no patience with idleness and its signs, opened the door with a fling. The girl halted a few paces off the porch, and dropped a curtsey.

"Please, father be dreadful bad," began she. "He be lying on the bed and he don't stir, and he have got nothing but white in his face; and, please, mother said I was to come and tell the missis, and ask her for a spoonful o' brandy."

"And how dare your mother send you up to the missis in this trim?" was Nora's reply. "How many crows did you frighten coming along?"

"Please," whimpered the child, "she haven't had time to tidy me to day, father's been so bad, and 'tother frock was tored in the washin'."

"Of course," assented Nora. "Everything is 'tored' that she has to do with, and never gets mended. If ever there was a poor, moithering, thriftless thing, its that mother of yours. She has got no needles and no thread, I suppose, and neither soap nor water?"

Mrs. Ryle came forward to interrupt the colloquy.

"What is the matter with your father, Letty? Is he worse?"

Letty dropped another curtsey.

"Please 'm, it's his inside as have been bad again, but mother's afeared he's dying. He has fell back upon the bed, and he don't stir nor breathe. She says will you please send him a spoonful o' brandy?"

"Have you brought anything to put it in?" inquired Mrs. Ryle.

"No 'm."

"It's not likely," chimed in Nora. "Mrs. Sanders wouldn't think to send so much as a cracked teacup. Shall I put a drop in a bottle, and give it to her?" continued Nora, turning to Mrs. Ryle.

"No," replied Mrs. Ryle. "I must know what's the matter with him before I send brandy. You go back to your mother, Letty. Tell her I shall be going past her cottage presently, and will call in."

The child turned and scuffled off. Mrs. Ryle resumed to Nora.

"Should it be another attack of inward inflammation, brandy would be the worst thing he could take. He drinks too much, does Jim Sanders."

"His inside's like a yawning barrel—always wahing to be filled," remarked Nora. "He'd drink the sea dry if 'twas running with beer. What with his drinking, and her untidiness, small wonder that the children are in rags. I am surprised the master keeps him on!"

"He only drinks by fits and starts, Nora. His health will not let him do more."

"No, it won't," acquiesced Nora. "And I misdoubt me but this bout may be the ending of him. That hole was not dug for nothing."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ryle. "Find Treve, will you, Nora; and get him ready?"

"Treve," a young gentleman given to have his own way, and to be kept very much at home from school on account of "delicate health," a malady more imaginary than real, was found somewhere about the farm, and put into visiting condition. He and his mother were invited to take tea at Barbrook. In point of fact, the invitation had been for Mrs. Ryle only; but she could not bear to stir anywhere without her darling boy, Treviyn.

They had barely departed when George entered. Nora had then got the tea on the table, and was standing cutting slices of bread-and-butter.

"Where are they all?" asked George, depositing his books upon a small sideboard at the back.

"Your mamma and Treve are off to tea at Mrs. Apperley's," replied Nora. "And the master, he rode over to Barmester this afternoon, and he is not back yet. Sit down, George. Would you like a taste of pumpkin pie?"

"Try me," responded George. "Is there any?"

"I saved it you from dinner," said Nora, bringing forth a plate of pie from a closet. "It is not over much. Treve, his stomach is as craving for pies as Jim Sanders's is for beer, and Mrs. Ryle she'd give him all he wanted, if it cleared the dish. He— Is that somebody calling?" she broke off, running to the window. "George, it's Mr. Chattaway! Go and see what he wants."

A gentleman on horseback had reined in close to the gate: a spare man, rather above the middle height, with a pale, leaden sort of complexion, small, cold, light eyes, and mean looking features. George ran down the garden path.

"Is your father at home, George?"

"No. He is gone to Barmester."

A scowl passed over Mr. Chattaway's brow. "That's the third time I have been here this week, and cannot get to see him.—Tell your father, George, that I have had another letter from Butt, and that I'll trouble him to attend to it. Tell him I will not be pestered with this business any longer, and if your father does not pay the money right off, I'll make him pay it."

Something not unlike an ice shaft shot through George Ryle's heart. He knew there was trouble between his house and Mr. Chattaway; that his father was, in pecuniary matters, at Mr. Chattaway's mercy. Was this move, this message, the result of his recent encounter with Cris. Chattaway? A hot flush dyed his face, and he wished—for his father's sake—that he had let Mr. Cris. alone. For his father's sake he was now ready to eat humble pie to Mr. Chattaway, though there never lived a boy less inclined to eat humble pie in a general way than was George Ryle. He went close up to the horse, and raised his honest eyes fearlessly.

"Has Christopher been complaining to you, Mr. Chattaway?"

"No. What has he to complain of?"

"Not much," answered George, his fears subsiding. "Only I know he does carry tales."

"Were there no tales to carry he could not carry them," coldly remarked Mr. Chattaway. "I have not seen Christopher since dinner time: it seems to me that you are always trying to suspect him of something. Take care that you deliver my message correctly, sir."

Mr. Chattaway rode away, and George returned to his pumpkin pie. He had scarcely eaten it—with remarkable relish, for his cold dinner which he took to school daily with him was little more than a lunch—when Mr. Ryle entered. He came in by the back door, having been round to the stables to leave his horse. He was a tall, fine man, with light, curling hair, mild, blue eyes, and a fair countenance, pleasant to look at in its honest simplicity. George delivered the message left by Mr. Chattaway.

"He left me that message, did he?" cried Mr. Ryle, who, if he could be angered by one thing, it was on this very subject—Chattaway's claims against him. "He might have kept it in until he saw me himself."

"He bade me tell it you, papa."

"Yes; it is no matter to Chattaway how he browbeats me and exposes my affairs.—It is what he has been at for years. Is he gone home?"

"I think so," replied George. "He rode that way."

"I'll stand it no longer, and I'll tell him so to his face," continued Mr. Ryle. "Let him do his best and his worst."

Snatching up his hat, Mr. Ryle strode out of the house, disdaining Nora's invitation to tea, and leaving on the table his neck-shawl, a large square of soft scarlet merino, which he had worn to Barmester. Recently suffering from sore throat, Mrs. Ryle had induced him to put it on when he rode out that afternoon.

"Look there," cried Nora; "he has left his scarlet cravat."

Snatching up the neckerchief, she ran after Mr. Ryle, catching him when he was half-way down the path. He took it from her with a hasty movement, more, as it seemed to be rid of the importunity than as though he wanted it for use, and went along swinging it in his hand, but did not attempt to put it on.

"It is just like the master," grumbled Nora to George. "He has had that warm woolen thing on for hours, and now goes off without it! He'll get his throat bad again. There's some men would go about naked, for all the care they take of their health, if it wasn't for the fear that folks might stare at them."

"I am afraid," said George, "papa's gone to have it out with Chattaway."

"Serve Chattaway right if he is," returned Nora. "It is what the master has threatened this many a day."

## CHAPTER II.

THE HOLE IN THE GARDEN PATH.

Later, when George was working assiduously at his lessons and Nora was sewing, both by the help of the same candle—for an array of candles all alight at once were not more common than other luxuries in Mr. Ryle's house—footsteps were heard approaching the porch, and a modest knock came to the door.

"Come in," called out Nora.

A very thin woman, in a washed-out cotton gown, with a thin face to match, and inflamed eyes, came in, curtseying. It was an honest face, a meek face; although it looked as if it got a meal about once a week.

"Evening, Nora; evening, Master George. I have stepped round to ask the missis whether I shall be wanted on Tuesday."

"The missis is out," said Nora. "She has been talking of putting off the wash to the week after, but I don't know that she will. If you sit down a bit, Ann Canham, may be she'll be in."

Ann Canham seated herself respectfully on the edge of a remote chair. "It's not often one finds the missis out," she remarked.

"No, it's not," said Nora. "For one thing, she went to see Jim Sanders. He has got one of his bad attacks again."

"He has dreadful bouts, poor fellow!" observed Ann Canham.

"But six times out of the seven he brings them on through his own fault," tartly returned Nora. "Many and many a time I have told him he'd do for himself, and now I think he has! This bout, it strikes me, is his last."

"Is he so ill as that?" exclaimed Ann Canham. And George looked up from his exercise book with surprise.

"I don't know that he is," said Nora; "but—"

With the word "but," Nora broke suddenly off. She dropped her work, leaned her arms upon the table, and bent her head towards Ann Canham in the distance.

"We have had a strange thing happen here, Ann Canham," she continued, her voice falling to a mysterious whisper; "and if it's not a warning of death, never you believe me again. This morning— George, did you hear the dog in the night?" she again broke the thread of her discourse to ask.

"No," answered George.

"Boys sleep sound," she remarked to Ann Canham. "You might drive a coach and six through their room, and not wake them. His chamber's back, too. Last night the dog got round to the front of the house," she continued, "and there he was, all night long, sighing and moaning like a human creature. You couldn't call it a howl; it had too much pain in its sound. He was at it all night long; I couldn't sleep for it. The missis says she couldn't sleep for it. Molly heard it at times, but dropped off to sleep again; those hard-worked servants are heavy for sleep. Well, this morning I was up first, the master next, Molly next; but the master, he went out by the back way, and saw nothing. By-and-by, before missis, and George, and Treve were down, I spied something out of this window on the garden path, as if somebody had been digging, and I went out. Ann Canham, it was for all the world like a grave!—a great hole with the earth of the path thrown up on either side it. That dog had done it in the night!"

Ann Canham, possibly feeling herself inconveniently aloof from the company when graves became the topic of conversation, drew her chair nearer the table. George sat, his pen arrested; his large eyes, wide open, were turned on Nora—not with a gaze of fear, however—more one of merriment.

"A great big hole, about twice the length of our rolling pin, and wide in proportion, all hollowed and scratched out," went on Nora. "I called the cow boy, and asked him what it looked like. 'A grave,' says he, without a minute's hesitation. Molly came out, and they two filled it in again, and trod the path down. The marks of it have been plain enough to be seen all day. The master has been talking a long while of having that path gravelled, but it has not been done."

"And the hole was scratted out by the dog?" proceeded Ann Canham, unable to overget the wonder.

"It was scratted out by the dog," emphatically answered Nora, using the same phraseology in her earnestness. "And everybody knows what it's a sign of—that there's death coming to the house or to somebody belonging to the house. Whether it's your own dog that scratches it, or whether it's somebody else's dog comes and scratches it, no matter; when a hole is made in that manner, it's a sure and certain sign that a real grave is about to be dug. It may not happen once in fifty years—no, not in a hundred; but, when it does come, it's a warning not to be neglected."

"It's odd how the dogs can know," remarked Ann Canham, meekly.

"Those dumb animals have an instinct within them that we can't understand," said Nora. "We have had that dog ever so many years, and he never did such a thing before. Only upon it that it's Jim Sanders's warning. How you stare, George!"

"Well I may stare, to hear you," was George's answer. "How can you believe in such rubbish, Nora?"

"Just hark at him!" exclaimed Nora to Ann Canham. "Boys are half heathens. I'd not laugh in that irreverent way, if I were you, George, because Jim Sanders's near to come."

"I am not laughing at that," said George; "I am laughing at you. Look here, Nora: your argument won't hold water. If the dog had meant to give notice that he was digging a hole for Jim Sanders, he would have dug it before his door, wouldn't he, not before ours? There's no reason in it."

"Go on! go on!" cried Nora, excitedly. "It's no profit to argue with disbelieving boys. They'd stand it out to your face that the sun never shone. Jim Sanders is one of this household," she triumphantly wound up; "though I'm afraid he won't be one of it long."

Ann Canham rose from her chair, and meekly put it back to its place with much humility. Indeed, humility of manner and temperament was her chief characteristic.

"I'll come round in the morning, and know about the wash, if you please, ma'am," she said to Nora. "Father, he'll be wanting his supper, and will wonder where I'm a-staying."

She departed. Nora gave George a lecture upon disbelief and irreverence in general, but George was too busy with his books to take much notice of it.

The evening went on. Mrs. Ryle and Trevlyn returned, a diminutive boy the latter, with dark curls. Nora asked after Jim Sanders.

"Jim Sanders is considerably better," said Mrs. Ryle. "He is all right again now, and will be at work again in a day or two. It must have been a sort of fainting fit he had this afternoon, and his wife got frightened. I told him to rest to-morrow, and come up the next day if he felt strong enough."

George turned to Nora, his eyes dancing.

"What of the hole now?" he asked.

"Wait and see," snapped Nora. "And if you are impertinent, George, I'll never save you pie or pudding again."

Mrs. Ryle had gone into the contiguous sitting-room, but came back speedily when she found it in darkness and untenanted.

"Where's the master?" she exclaimed. "Surely he is home from Barmester?"

"Papa has been home ages ago," said George. "He's gone up to the Hold."

"Up to the Hold!" repeated Mrs. Ryle in great surprise, for there was something like deadly feud between Trevlyn Hold and Trevlyn Farm. "What can have taken him there?"

George explained; telling of Mr. Chattaway's message and the subsequent proceedings upon it. Nora added her word, that "as sure as fate, he was having it out with Chattaway." Nothing else would keep him at Trevlyn Hold.

But Mrs. Ryle knew that her husband, meek-spirited, easy-natured, was not one to "have it out" with anybody, even with his enemy Chattaway. He might say a few words, but it was all he would say, and the interview would be sure to end almost as soon as begun. She took off her things, and Molly carried the supper-tray into the parlor.

But still there was no Mr. Ryle. Ten o'clock struck, and Mrs. Ryle grew, not exactly uneasy, but curious, as to what could have become of him. What *could* he be stopping for at the Hold?

"It wouldn't surprise me to hear that his throat has been took so bad he can't come back," put in Nora. "Closing up, or something. He unwound his scarlet cravat from his neck, and went away swinging it in his hand, instead of giving his neck the benefit of it. There's John Pinder waiting all this while in the kitchen."

"Have you finished your lessons, George?" asked Mrs. Ryle, perceiving that he was putting his books away.

"Every one," answered George.

"Then you shall go up to the Hold, and walk home with your papa. I cannot think what he can be staying for."

"Perhaps he has gone somewhere else?" said George.

"No," said Mrs. Ryle. "He would neither go anywhere else, nor, I think, stop at Chattaway's. This is Tuesday evening."

An argument all conclusive. Tuesday evening was invariably devoted by Mr. Ryle to his farm accounts, and he never suffered anything to interfere with that evening's work. George threw his cap on his head, and started on his errand.

It was a starlight night, cold and clear, and George went along whistling. A quarter of an hour's walk along the turnpike road brought him to Trevlyn Hold. The road rose gently the whole of the way, for the land was higher at Trevlyn Hold than at Trevlyn Farm. A white gate, by the side of a lodge, admitted to the shrubbery or avenue—a dark walk, wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast, with the elm trees nearly meeting over head. The shrubbery was winding, and terminated in a lawn, which stretched before the windows of the house: an old-fashioned, commodious, stone-built house, with gables to the roof, and a handsome flight of steps before the entrance hall. George ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"Is papa ready to come home?" he asked, not very ceremoniously, of the servant who answered it.

The man paused, as though he scarcely understood.

"Mr. Ryle is not here, sir," was the answer.

"How long has he been gone?" resumed George.

"He has not been here at *all, sir*, that I know of. I don't think he has."

"Just ask, will you?" said George. "He came here to see Mr. Chattaway. It was about five o'clock."

## SANS CHEUR.

The following bit of sarcasm, the authorship of which is not given,—like

"—A curse from the depths of womanhood,
Is very cute, and bitter, and good."]

A dove sat chiding on a tree,
Above the nest which was her home,
Cooing her one note, while the sun
Went down in heaven's dome.

A wild-cat sat in the grass below,
In the air a merlin rose;
But the dove was too high for the cat to climb,
And the hawk was too weak, I suppose.

A viper looked up with diseased eyes,
And longed to be round her throat,
She could not abide such airs, she said,
As always singing one note.

The hawk screamed, "She's too big for me!"
The cat said, "She's too high for cats;
So I, to fill my vulgar maw,
Must munch the mice and crunch the rats."

There came a man across the wood—
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And he shot the wild dove over the nest—
"It was very good sport," said he.

A girl stood in the hall that night,
Shining over the ball-room floor;
And the rest were nearly dying with spite,
For the man stood gazing by wall and door.

The wild-cat stood and twirled his mustache,
The hawk left the card-room table,
And both were longing to carry her off,
And only wished they were able.

And the viper came up, so smoothe and lithe,
Hanging on her partner's arm—
Came to call her, "*My* dove, my *dear*!"
And to sneer at each girlish charm.

There came a man across the floor,—
Oh, as bonnie as bonnie could be!
And over and over again they danced,
While the music lilted merrily.

The hawk and the wild-cat sneered and sighed,
But the viper's remark came true,
"He never means to care for her,
And she ought to have known it, too."

The girl lies in the church-yard, dead;
The dove hangs dead in the tree;
And he thought of both on his dying bed—
"Alas! that seemed good sport!" said he.

## A PICTURE IN THREE PANELS.

How many years is it, I ask, since I first listened to that music? And you come and lean over the back of my chair and call me foolish. I know you are there, though I do but look on into the fire and read from a book whose pages no printing press hath touched. Foolish, am I? Well, I am only living over again some old days, happy and unhappy, which have made you and me what we are. Foolish! You forget that you have been playing the "Coro religioso," and that when I first heard it—well, go your way, and while you are gone, let me think out the story, and paint my picture.

### PANEL I.

You stood, one of a merry party, near the piano, with your hand on the chair of the player. even as it rested on mine but now. I saw you for the first time, and you were singing the "Coro religioso;" I heard your voice among all others, distinct and clear. I was to have taken the Count's part, but foolish then as I am now, some strange bewilderment seized me, and your Cousin Ernest Haughton stepped forward with his resolute, musical "No, no, non piu," which I ought to have sung. I sank back abashed, and looked at you both. His hand touched your shoulder—how dared he? And I saw how handsome he was, how polished; with "gentleman" written in every line of his mobile face and every movement of his figure. I heard some one say, "well matched," and it was true. You looked well together—a fitting couple. Do you see me there, in the dark shadow of the door, biting my moustache and watching you? I was a great, strong, rough fellow compared with Ernest, and I felt it. I was unused to ladies' society; no mother or sister had taught me gentleness, or its simulation; and so, seeing you for the first time, and feeling my own awkwardness, jealousy took possession of me. I would have had that smoothfaced Ernest out on the hill side with the hounds in full cry and a mighty fence before him; then, would he have beaten me? But there, in the drawing-room, he shone and triumphed, while I stood in the shade watching him.

There is the first panel of my picture. You remember it, I know, but it is not written on your brain as it is on mine.

Its color was on the days that followed, and it had set a mark on my life for ever. You know how at first you thought me shy and awkward, and in your kindness tried to draw out my scanty words on every occasion; at least, I thought so, and I would not be drawn out. I preferred watching you and your cousin, gloomily; I was in a fever of infatuation, or I should have quitted the house that held you at once, instead of lingering on, buying dearly my first knowledge of the great passions of life. Ernest Haughton would have made friends with me, but I repulsed him; at times I heard him speak light words which shook my first acknowledgment of admiration for him, and I believe from my heart that he was not worthy of you. Was I? That question never occurred to me; I contented myself with seeing his faults, not thinking of my own. I had a jealous envy of him, for all that; I delighted to outdo him in any way; often I have startled you by some wild feat of daring which I knew Ernest with all his high spirit, would never attempt, but he only laughed at me. Once, I remember, your face grew pale at a momentary danger which I had scorned to fear, and when I saw that, a mad impulse came upon me, and I snatched your hand and pressed my lips upon it. Even then Ernest only turned away to hide a smile. I saw it though; I fancied it was a smile of triumph, and the thought drove me wild. He knew his security, and mocked my weakness. I felt, too, that your manner grew colder and more distant after that.

One day I came upon you suddenly amongst the shrubs; you were looking after the figure of Ernest in the distance, and there was sorrow in your face.

"He is going to leave us," you said. "He joins his ship to-morrow; and the separation is a painful one."

I could not keep my tone from being bitter; and you looked at me with reproachful wonder as you answered:

"Of course. He is my cousin."

A wild hope leaped up in my heart then for a moment, but it sank as quickly. I put it down with a strong hand, feeling that it was madness. I could bear this state of things no longer.

"I shall leave you, too," I said; "but that will be little loss."

You gave me no answer; and the ungraciousness of my speech struck me. But your head was turned away; I thought you were still looking after Ernest, and I did leave you. I said no further good-bye to you, but went away silent and miserable, determining to put you out of my thoughts for ever: as if such a thing were in one's own power.

For twelve long months I never saw you; I hunted, and shot, and fished; I tramped the country, high and low, but I bore about with me always the first panel of my picture; and nothing could drive out from my dreams the voice of Ernest with his "No, no, non piu," which should have been mine.

I had been rambling for some days amongst the Scottish hills, when the fine weather changed to rain—incessant, heavy; and I was kept prisoner at a wretched inn, where there was nothing to do or to see except the fierce splashes which beat against the window and ran down it in streams. I asked the waiter if it always rained there, and though his answer was as comforting as the response of a brother waiter to a similar query—"Na, na, man, it snaws whiles," yet he took pity upon my feckless, do-nothing condition, and brought in a pile of old newspapers. I turned them over listlessly. You know what caught my eye; the wreck of a vessel and the names of the lost: Lieutenant Ernest Haughton amongst them. I looked at the date—it was six months back. Forgive me for it, you who know how my whole heart was still clinging about you; could I help the joy that burst from my lips that moment? I did not think of Ernest, of death, or of those who mourned his loss; I thought only that you were free; and that in the possible future which stretched out before my eyes, it might be mine to make up to you for a past sorrow.

I started in the pouring rain: what did I care for that then? I never slackened my speed till I stood once more in the well-known room, and saw you. You were in mourning too: I looked at it jealously at first, thinking that six months had surely been sufficient tribute to the memory of a cousin. But my head grew dizzy as I looked at you, till your exclamation, half of pleasure, half of dismay, made me conscious of the figure I presented. Dabbled, mud-stained, a great rough fellow then as formerly, I stood before you ashamed of myself.

"If you did but know," I stammered, "how I have longed to see you again; how I have travelled night and day without stopping—"

You broke into my speech, to insist that I needed rest and refreshment, and must have it. You did welcome me—how I blessed you for it.

By-and-by you spoke to me of Ernest Haughton, and I took courage to ask one daring question, which nothing but your goodness could have pronounced excusable.

"Tell me one thing," I said. "Were you engaged to Ernest?"

The words slipped from my tongue, as though they had burnt it, and you looked at me calmly and answered "No."

But then I believed in my secret heart that it was only the word engagement which had been wanting. I hoped, however, from the calmness of your answer, that you were learning to forget; I must give you time for that. You would have talked on about Ernest, his friends, and the shock his death had been, but I changed the subject, and avoided it studiously. I wanted him to be far away in the past, not talked of, but forgotten. I flattered myself that I did not care what he had been to you once, now that it was all over, and I could not help my jealous nature, nor the madness which stung me at times when I heard you pronounce his name with—as I fancied—such regretful tenderness.

I curbed down my impatience for a while with the reflection that I must let you forget him; and then—remember it—I told my tale.

You seemed touched; I saw your lips tremble, but no word came from them. Then I went on, following up my own ideas and acting upon them. I said I did not care for first love—which was false—I wanted you to give me what you could; in time it would be your whole heart, I trusted; and if some passing fancy had ever bound you to another, let it be forgotten. So that it was really past, I would never rake up its ashes.

You turned to me smiling, and asked me falteringly, "Was I less exacting than others, that I promised so readily to be satisfied with a wornout heart?"

Satisfied! No, I warned you of my jealous nature, but the music of a hundred joy-bells rang in my ears and stumbled from my tongue as I did so. Vehement and passionate always, I scarcely think the old fire has died out of me even yet. At that time I might surely, in my security, have spoken of your cousin, and learnt the depth of your sorrow for him, but I would not. The sting which his name held even then terrified me, and I avoided all mention of him.

You seemed, too, so quiet and undisturbed, while the excitement of my new happiness was filling me with exuberant life, that I could not help at times tormenting myself with the reflection that it was neither new nor strange to you, as it was to me. I did not care much then, however; I was too happy, and I trusted to time. So that I might be with you, and know that you were my promised wife, I could be satisfied.

And you had always a welcome for me; were always ready to listen to my eager plans for the future, and to sympathise with them. Do you remember those summer evenings? How we lingered in the coppice of Fernwood, and saw the sun-light on the mill-stream; glancing through the trees, and playing among the underwood? How we sat on grassy knolls and talked, letting the time slip by unheeded, till you would suddenly start up and say there would be a scolding waiting for you at home? I know about those scoldings, do I not? A grave word of anxiety lest you should have taken cold, or stayed out too long; for I was not half careful enough of you. And do you remember standing with me in the shrubbery on the spot where Ernest Haughton had parted from you; and a momentary fancy came into my head that you were thinking of him. But when I looked into your quiet, contented face, and my thought died before it could have reached my lips. That was the eve of our wedding-day. We were married. I cannot think of that time calmly; even now, when I would put the sterner touches to my picture, the excitement of that new happiness comes back to bid me pause.

Idiot, that I was! How came it that, by-and by, dark thoughts began to rise up in my heart, and to have a recognized place there? That I looked upon your calm content, and thought, with a jealous pang, that you were not happy with me; that what you had given me was not love, but the dregs of the warm heart which had gone down under the waves with Ernest Haughton: I don't know how it came about, but so it was. With a wonderful aptitude for self-torment, I raked up all the circumstances, throwing over them the one color which distorted my own vision. And there grew up a strange coldness between us; I sought after solitude, that I might brood over my thoughts: and if at times you came near and I caught the look of wondering sorrow in your face, I stifled the pang it gave me with the counter thought that it was a sorrow to which I could not minister if I would; a sorrow for the dead.

Why did you bear with me so long and patiently, never uttering one word of reproach? At first, indeed, you used to ask why I was moody and sad, but a cold answer, or a vehement one which you did not understand, sent you away silenced. And this mute forbearance only strengthened the idea that I was nothing to you. Foolish then, if you like; and yet in that folly I was unutterably miserable. Miserable because you were so dear to me; because your very presence, or the touch of your hand, would send a thrill through every pulse, and yet I could do nothing to make you happy. I could do nothing but indulge bitterly the feeling that our marriage was a mistake, and you did not love me. What wonder if day by day you grew more distant and reserved, and I more gloomy, while the barrier between us strengthened? Ours was a strange honey-moon, was it not?

### PANEL II.

I was sitting over the fire moodily, thinking as usual, wondering how long our life was to go on thus, and how it would end; wandering back again to my wild days among the Scotch hills, to the pile of old newspapers, and the tidings that sent me off through the pouring rain in search of you. My back was to the door, but when I heard it open gently I knew that you were there. You came and stood near me on the rug, and spoke, with your voice a little roused from its usual passionless calm. For you see from the very first you had been so quiet, and my vehement nature craved something more demonstrative. I heard you then with the old thrill stirring my heart, and I traced an wonted excitement in your tone.

"A strange thing has happened," you said, "and I have come to tell you of it."

"Well, I am listening."

For a moment you hesitated, and then went on. And I saw that you held an open letter in your hand.

"My Cousin Ernest was not drowned as we believed. He and four of the crew were saved; they have been brought off one of the lone islands of the Pacific and are in England."

I never moved. Sitting there with your shadowy presence near me, my wife, I saw in the fire the first panel of my picture, and heard the voice of Ernest break in upon the Nuns' chorus. For you the sea gave back its dead, and for me what remained? But I knew that you expected me to say something, and I spoke, not in congratulation or rejoicing, I was not false enough for that.

"You must give your cousin a welcome," I said. "You will be glad to see him—of course he will come here."

You did not answer. I would not raise my face though I was conscious that you sought to read it. I could not meet that mournful, inquiring look of yours which was wont to fill me with inexpressible tenderness.

You turned and went away silently, and left me to my musing. I hardly knew what I thought or felt, or wished for. The jealous envy which had been growing up for Ernest dead, changed into disgust and hatred against Ernest living; and across it there came a mockery of gladness in your pleasure at seeing him again. I shunned you less at that time than usual; I could not keep from following you with my eyes compassionately, thinking how I was in the way for ever, and but for me you might be happy.

You remember the day your cousin came. I got up a show of welcome: though lionised and *feted* as the hero of the wreck had been, he seemed more intolerable to me than ever. But you were gayer than usual; at dinner you talked lightly, with a make-believe, as I thought, of happiness before him. You were interested in his adventures and drew him out; I alone sat silent and stupid. When you left us, I holding open the door for you, ventured to look once into your face. Its gayety was gone, and a wan, dreary exhaustion had come over it. I put my hand over my eyes for a moment, feeling that the table with its glasses and decanters reeled before them.

As I sat down your cousin cried out with a great outburst—

"What on earth is amiss with Ellen?—She looks like the ghost of herself."

I battled with a quick pain at my heart, and made some trivial answer. I hated the sight of his handsome face at my table.

"Ellen used to bear a great deal of persecution from me," he went on, holding up his glass to the light. "You know I was going to be married before that last trip, and when the affair was put off, I made a sort of scape goat of Nelly, and bored her unmercifully. One woman doesn't often hear another praised as patiently as she did. The only time we ever quarreled was about you, old fellow."

I carried my glass to my lips steadily and put it down untasted, but I could not trust my voice to speak.

"I dare say she has told you all about it. You know you were inclined to be ferocious at times, and I got a bad habit of calling you Ursa Major, &c. You needn't frown about it. The fact was I saw which way the wind blew, and couldn't resist the fun of having something to tease Nelly about in her turn. I had to be very humble before I got forgiven, and I knew then that Ellen was done for."

"Will you help yourself?" I said, breaking my silence suddenly. I should have liked to get up and shake hands with him, but for the thought that it might be dangerous.

"No more wine," said Ernest. "But if you have any place big enough to swing a cat in, where one might make a brute of oneself with a mild cigar—"

### PANEL III.

I don't know how to paint it. You were sitting by the fire in the twilight, and your head was bent, with one hand shading your face, and the other holding a book which you were not reading. Were you thinking then of the days gone by, and wondering at the dark spirit which had taken possession of your husband? Lights and shadows fell over your face from the fire, but its expression of sadness never changed. And I, knowing what I had been all this time; thinking of my blundering and folly; seeing it in its true light: how could I speak to you?

I don't know what I said, but I know that the first words of remorse and self-accusation brought your hand to cover my lips gently; and I know that I was happy then as I had never deserved to be: happy afterwards, even in confessing my madness, and hearing your tales of Ernest's infatuation about some one else; in watching the sorrowful look pass from your face, and its old brightness come back.

"But if it was about Ernest that I had been so—foolish, why did I always stop you when you spoke of him, instead of letting you tell me all?"

That was one of the questions I could not answer. But I should think that your cousin, when he came in from his mild cigar, must have imagined that dinner was a wonderful improver of Ursa Major's temper.

Are you there again behind my chair? Well, I have finished the picture, and you may look at it. I have had it in my mind's eye this many a day, and now it is done.—There is one comforting reflection about it, viz.: if it is true that all men are mad once in their lives, surely my time is over. You were too gentle with me; you should have called me to account instead of bearing all things so patiently. Never mind! we have learnt each other by heart now. One's first untried affection may be faulty and vacillating, but in spite of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the holy love of married years does but grow firmer and deeper, and more indispensable as it loses its novelty. What do you say?

LOUIS SAND.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Soon after my arrival in London, I had the supreme satisfaction of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington. A grand ball was given at Willis Rooms—it was called the Waverly Ball, and its leading feature consisted in the formation of several sets of quadrilles, each of which was danced by sixteen couple costumed to represent the characters in one of Scott's novels. The crowd at the entrance to the rooms, as well as the crowd within, was immense. As I ascended the grand staircase, I heard shouts from the crowd at the entrance. Turning round, I said, aloud, "I wonder what they are shouting for?" The Duke of Wellington was at my elbow, and supposing I had addressed him, replied, in his usual dry way, "I suppose it is either for you or me, sir." As I saw that the Duke would have had some difficulty in making his way through the throng to the upper end of the room, I was glad to escape from my confusion, and atone for my apparent rudeness, by opening a path for him. When we reached the upper end, he bowed to me, and said, "Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to see you at the Apsley House, if you are fond of pictures."

I need not say that I allowed very few days to elapse before I presented myself at the gate of the mansion, which still, in its protection of iron blinds, reminded the passer-by that the Duke had once found it necessary to protect his windows from mob fury. The Duke received me very kindly, and at once led me to the Waterloo gallery—a long room in which he was accustomed annually to entertain the old heroes of the great fight of June 18th, 1815. Many of the pictures were the work of Wilkie, Jan Stein, Gainsborough, etc. There were numerous portraits of the Duke's companions in arms, and of Napoleon, whose military genius he seemed delighted to honor. There was a colossal statue of Napoleon at the foot of the stairs. There was but one picture of the battle of Waterloo in the gallery, and as it represented Napoleon and his staff, with the British in the remote distance, almost enveloped in smoke, I ventured to ask his Grace which was the best representation of the battle he had ever seen. "All bad, sir. A battle cannot be painted. It is continual motion. I chose this because I cannot say it was false. It is quieter than any of the others."

He then proceeded to descant on the false goods perpetuated by painters.

"Now," said he, "there's Mr. Barker's picture of my meeting with Blucher on the field of Waterloo. It is absurd. He has made us in the act of saluting with our cocked hats. That was not the way of it at all. Blucher rushed up to me at La Belle Alliance, threw his arms around my neck, kissed me, and covered me with mud. I see that Maclise has sent in a design for a fresco illustration of this event in the House of Lords; but from the description given of it in the papers, I fear it will be no nearer to the truth than Barker's."

There is a picture extant of the Duke showing the present Duchess, the Marchioness of Douro, the localities of the chief incidents of Waterloo. I remarked—

"The likeness of your Grace is good."

"Yes," he replied; "but the devil of it is that the whole picture is false. I never took the Marchioness to Belgium at all."

Seeing him in a chatty humor, I ventured to inquire if it were true that he cried out, "Up Guards and at them!" at the crisis of Waterloo. He said—

"It stands to reason I couldn't be such a d—d fool. I was a quarter of a mile away, and couldn't have been heard. Maybe some of the staff called out to the Guards to rise out of the corn where they were lying down. I merely said, 'Let the line advance.'"

On a latter occasion, I found the Duke in a gallery of Illustration, scrutinizing a picture of himself looking at the dead body of Crawford as it lay in a Spanish chapel after the siege of Cindad Rodrigo. I inquired—

"Is it like, sir?"

"All a lie," he answered. "I never was there; never saw Crawford after he fell."

So much for pictures. For a long time there was one—nay, more than one—exposed for sale, representing Lord Cardigan leaping over a gun at Bulaklava. When the Prince of Wales saw this, he asked me, as I was standing by, whether Lord Cardigan really did accomplish the feat, and on my replying in the negative, he exclaimed—

"Then why do they perpetuate such errors?"

## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air,
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
Alas, we think not that we daily see,
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

## POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on his left side the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially if soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate attempt to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But, when we are not able to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice—when the trembling building crushes us—what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning—"That they were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## WHAT THEN?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hours of sight,
After its dream so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world we loved too well;
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world we loved too well;
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

## THE EX-QUEEN OF GREECE.

No doubt Prince Alfred knows the story of the ex-Queen of Greece. If he had sat on that throne he would have felt some touches of compassion for her, notwithstanding her disrepute and her unpardonable offence.—For the sake of her dreams and her fate he would have pitied her: but, as it is, her story must be an impressive warning to him. She, a daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, was no more warranted in forming visions of being a great Eastern Queen than any other young lady in the school-room: but she set her heart upon Greece as the country she was to restore to greatness. She had, I believe, met Prince Otho as a boy at some German watering-place; and she so met him again when he was talked of for the throne of Greece. Her mind was now made up to be Queen of Greece, and to revive its greatness in the form of the most brilliant of modern Empires. Her ambition, vanity, and want of sense operated to show how much more is necessary to such a work than grand ideas and strong passions and a stubborn will. She took the power out of her husband's hands presently; but she could do nothing with it. She did nothing for the substantial interests of the country; she let herself be made a tool of by rapacious German courtiers; she offered to the Czar to betray, as far as she could contrive to do so, the other protecting Powers, and was intriguing with Russia against England, France and Sardinia during the Crimean war: and she has ever since had to endure the burden of the contempt and vigilant dislike of the Emperor of the French. Her friend, the late Czar, shook his head, and said she "began too soon."

When she boasted of the great Hellenic Empire she was founding, and pointed to the great palace the unborn Emperors were to occupy, the agricultural country of Greece had only 100,000 men employed in cultivating the soil. There were only 12,000,000 acres altogether; and only one-ninth part was private property; and this busy ruler saw with indifference the private estates crushed under the burden of taxes, and the rest lying unretrieved, in swamp or drought. Here there was an expanse of marshes, spreading in all directions from year to year; and elsewhere there was a desert where the streams were perpetually shrinking, and the water-springs had long been dried up. The Bavarians at court flourished like the green bay-tree: but nothing else throve. As the soil grew barren, the boast was of commerce as a means of Greek greatness; but there were only 18,000 seamen in the country; and the Emperor Nicholas smiled in his cabinet at the idea of a nation consisting of 1,000,000, when Otho became King, with means to develope the private estates, and without a Government which would set about saving the public lands,—a people actually importing corn, and without prospect of sufficient bread,—proposing to turn the Turks out of Europe, and to reign at Constantinople under the smile of approving Czars. She "began too soon," he said; and he is understood to have foreseen that, unless she speedily changed her course, she would find herself once more seated behind her embroidery-frame in an old German castle, wiping away her ceaseless tears of mortification at the loss of such a chance for greatness as has very rarely fallen to the lot of woman. The Emperor Nicholas was in his tomb many years before the catastrophe arrived, and the humiliation of the dreamer is greater in proportion. She has not mended her aims or her ways; the country has not improved; and the unworthy sovereigns are discrowned, not on the complaint of betrayed protectors, but by a disgusted and indignant people. Not allowed to land, in their return from an excursion, they humbled themselves painfully and unavailingly. The King would make any concessions, but "it was too late;" and the Queen sat passionately weeping—remembering, possibly, that other reproach of being "too soon," and seeing, possibly, at last that both rebukes were deserved by rulers who had neglected the primary duties of government to revel in wild dreams of empire. There she is at last in the old German castle, without a single comforting thought to rest on, as she bends over her embroidery-frame! She rides out daily, we are told, with such appearance of court attendance as she can muster; but the familiar scenery must be painful to her, not only because it is not Greece, but because it must revive many of the notions of her youth, now turned to shame and despair.

☞ The new bonnets are called "sky-scrapers"—because angels wear them, we suppose.

☞ No nation yet has been allowed to fatten into nobleness.

## DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of iron, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley;
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

# SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE SCARLET CRAVAT.

The fine hot summer had faded into autumn and the autumn would soon be fading into winter. All signs of the harvest had disappeared. The farmers had gathered the golden grain into their barns; the meads looked bare, and the partridges hid themselves in the stubble left by the reapers.

Perched on the top of a stile, which separated one field from another, was a boy of some fifteen years. Several books, a strap passed round to keep them together, were flung over his shoulder, and he sat throwing some stones into a pond close by, softly whistling as he did so. The stones came out of his pocket. Whether stored there for the purpose to which they were now being put, was best known to himself. He was a slender, well-made boy, with finely shaped features, a clear complexion, and eyes dark and earnest. A refined face; a good face—and you have not to learn that the face is the outward index of the mind within—an index that never fails for those gifted with the power to read the human countenance.

Before him, as he sat on the stile, at a short distance, lay the village of Barbrook. A couple of miles beyond the village was the large town of Barmester. But you could get to the town if you pleased without taking the village *en route*. As to the village itself, there were several ways of reaching it. There was the path through the fields, right in front of the stile where that school-boy was sitting; there was the green and shady lane (fence deep in mud sometimes); and there were two high roads. To look at the signs of vegetation round (not that the vegetation was of the richest kind,) you would not suspect that the barren and black lands of coal fields lay so near. But four or five miles away in the opposite direction, that is, behind the boy and the stile, the coal pits flourished. Farm-houses were scattered within view, had the young gentleman on the stile chosen to look at them; a few gentlemen's houses, and many cottages and hovels. To his left hand, glancing over the field and across the upper road—the road which did not lead to Barbrook, but to Barmester on a slight eminence, rose the fine but old-fashioned mansion called Trevlyn Hold. Bearing rather to the right at the back of him was the less pretentious, but comfortable dwelling, called Trevlyn Farm. Trevlyn Hold, formerly the property and residence of Squire Trevlyn, had passed, with that gentleman's death, into the hands of Mr. Chattaway, who now lived in it; his wife having been the squire's second daughter. Trevlyn Farm was tenanted by Mr. Ryle; and he now sitting on the stile was Mr. Ryle's eldest son.

There came scuffling along the field-path from the village a wan-looking, under-sized girl, as fast as her dilapidated shoes permitted her. The one shoe was tied on with a piece of rag; the other, being tied on with nothing, came off perpetually, thereby impeding her progress. She had nearly gained the pond, when a boy considerably taller and stronger than the one on the stile came flying down the field from the left, and planted himself in her way.

"Now then, you little toad! Do you want another buffetting?"

"Oh, please sir, don't stop me!" she cried, beginning to sob unnecessarily loud. "Father's a dying, and mother said I was to run and tell them at the farm. Please let me go by."

"Did I not order you yesterday to keep out of these fields?" asked the tall boy. "There's the lane and there are the roads open to you; how dare you come here? I wonder if you'd shake the inside out of you if I caught you here again, and now I'll do it."

"I say," called out at this juncture the lad on the stile, "you keep your hands off her."

The child's assailant turned sharply round at the sound. He had not seen that anybody was there. For one moment he relaxed his hold of the girl, but the next appeared to think better of it, and began to shake her. She turned her face, quite a sight with its tears and its dirt, towards the stile.

"Oh, master George, make him let me go! I'm a hastening on to your house, Master George. Father, he's lying all white upon the bed; and mother said I was to come off and tell the missus."

George leaped off the stile, and advanced.

"You let her go, Cris. Chattaway."

Cris. Chattaway turned his anger upon George.

"Mind your own business, you beggar! It is no concern of yours."

"It is, if I choose to make it mine. Let her go, I say. Don't be a coward."

"What's that you call me?" asked Cris. Chattaway. "A coward? Take that."

He had picked up a hard clod of earth, and dashed it in George Ryle's face. The boy was not one to stand a gratuitous blow, and Mr. Christopher, before he knew what was coming, found himself on the ground. The girl, released, flew to the stile, and scrambled over it head foremost. George stood his ground, waiting for Cris. to get up; he was less tall and strong, but he would not run away.

Christopher Chattaway slowly gathered himself up. He *was* a coward; and fighting when it came to close quarters, was not to his mind. Stone throwing, or water squirting, or pea shooting—any safe annoyance that might be carried on at a distance, he was an adept in; but hand-to-hand fighting—Cris. did not relish that.

"See if you don't suffer for this, George Ryle!"

George laughed good-humoredly, and sat down on the stile as before. Cris. was dusting the earth off his clothes.

"You have called me a coward, and you have knocked me down. I'll put it in my memorandum book, George Ryle."

"Put it," equably returned George. "I never knew any *but* cowards set upon girls."

"I'll set upon her worse, if I catch her using this path. There's not a more impudent little wretch than that in all the parish. Let her try it on again, that's all."

"She has a right to use this path, as much as I have."

"Not if I choose to say she shan't use it. You won't have the right long."

"Oh, indeed!" said George. "Who is to take it from me?"

"The squire says he shall shut up this way through the fields."

"*Who* says it?" asked George, with marked emphasis—and the sound grated on Cris. Chattaway's ear.

"The squire says so," he roared. "Are you deaf?"

"Ah!" said George. "But Mr. Chattaway can't do it. My father says he has not the power."

"*Your* father!" contemptuously rejoined Cris. Chattaway. "He would like his leave asked, perhaps. When the squire says he shall do a thing he means it."

"At any rate, it is not done yet," was the significant answer of George. "Don't boast, Cris."

Cris. had been making off, and was some distance up the field. He turned to address George.

"You know, you beggar, that if I don't go in and polish you off, it's because I don't condescend to tarnish my hands. When I fight I like to fight with gentle people." And, with that he turned tail, and decamped quicker than before.

"Just so," shrieked out George. "Especially if they wear petticoats."

A sly shower of earth came in answer. But it happened, every bit of it, to steer clear of him, and George kept his seat and his equanimity.

"What has he been doing now, George?"

George turned his head; the question came from some one close behind him. There stood a lovely boy of some twelve years old, with beautiful features, dark blue eyes, and light, silky hair.

"Where did you spring from, Rupert?"

"I came down by the hedge. You did not hear me. You were calling after Cris. Has he been beating you, George?"

"Beating me!" returned George, throwing back his handsome face, with a laugh. "I don't think he would like to try that on, Rupert. He could not beat me with impunity, as he does you."

Rupert—his name was Rupert Trevlyn—laid his cheek down on the top rail of the stile, and fixed his eyes on the clear blue of the evening sky—for the sun was drawing towards its setting. He was a sensitive, romantic, strange sort of boy; gentle and loving by nature, but given to violent fits of passion. People said he inherited the latter from his grandfather, the squire. Others of the squire's descendants had inherited the same. Under happier auspices, Rupert might have learnt to subdue these bursts of passion. Had he possessed a kind home, loving friends, what might he not have become?

"George, I wish my papa had lived!"

"The whole parish has need to wish that, as well as you, Ru. I wish you stood in his shoes! That's what I wish."

"Instead of Uncle Chattaway. Old Canham says I ought to stand in them. He says he thinks I shall, some time, because justice is nearly sure to come uppermost in the end."

"Look here, Rupert!" gravely returned George Ryle. "Don't you go listening to old Canham. He talks nonsense, and it will do neither of you good. If Chattaway heard but a tithe of what he sometimes says, he'd turn him from the lodge, neck and crop, in spite of Miss Diana. What *is* can't be helped, you know, Rupert."

"But Cris. has no right to inherit Trevlyn over me."

"He has the right of law, I suppose," answered George; "at least, he will have it. Make the best of it, Ru. There are lots of things that I have to make the best of. I got a caning yesterday for another boy, and I had to make the best of it."

Rupert still looked up at the sky. "If it weren't for Aunt Edith, I'd run away," quoth he.

"You little stupid! Where would you run to?"

"Anywhere. Uncle Chattaway gave me no dinner to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because Cris. carried a tale to him. But it was a lie, George."

"Did you tell Chattaway it was a lie?"

"Yes. But where's the use? He always believes Cris. before me."

"Have you had no dinner?"

Rupert shook his head. "I snatched a bit of bread off the tray as they were carrying it through the hall, and a piece of fat that Cris. left on his plate, and wouldn't eat. That's all I had."

"Then I'd advise you to make double quick haste home to your tea," said George, jumping over the stile. "As I am going to do to mine."

He, George, ran swiftly across the back fields towards his home. Looking back when he was well on his way, he saw the lad, Rupert, still leaning on the stile with his face turned upward. "I wish we had a plentiful home," thought George to himself, in his generosity. "I would ask them to let Rupert come to it."

Meanwhile the little tatterdemalion of a girl had scuffled along to Trevlyn farm—a very moderate sized house, with a rustic porch covered with jessamine, and a large garden, more useful than ornamental, intervening between it and the high road. The garden path, leading to the porch, was straight, and somewhat narrow; on either side rose alternately cabbage-rose trees and hollyhocks. Gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, apple, plum, and other plain fruit trees, grew amidst vegetables of various sorts. A productive garden, if not an elegant one. At the side of the house was the fold-yard palings and a five-barred gate, dividing it from the public road, and at the back of the house were situated the barns and other out-door buildings!

From the porch, the entrance was direct into a room, as is often the case in farm houses. It was sometimes called "the best kitchen," sometimes "Nora's room." Nora generally sat in it; George and his brother did their lessons in it; the real kitchen being at the back. A parlor opening from this room on the right, whose window looked into the fold-yard, was the general sitting-room of the family. The best sitting-room, a really handsome apartment, was on the other side of the house. As the girl scuffled up to the porch, an active, black-eyed, talkative little woman, of five or six-and-thirty, saw her approach from the window of the best kitchen. It was Nora. What with the child's ragged frock and tippet, her broken straw bonnet, her slipshod shoes, and her face smeared with dirt and tears, she looked wretched enough. The girl's father, Jim Sanders, was the carter to Mr. Ryle. He had been at home ill the last day or two, or, as the phrase ran in the farm, was "off his work."

"If ever I saw such an object!" was Nora's exclamation. "How *can* her mother keep her in that state? Just look at that Letty Sanders, Mrs. Ryle!"

Sorting large bunches of sweet herbs on a table at the back of the room, was a tall, upright woman. Her dress was plain, but her manner and bearing bespoke the lady. Those familiar with the district would have recognized in her handsome, but somewhat masculine face, a likeness to the well-formed, powerful features of the late Squire Trevlyn. She was that gentleman's eldest daughter, and had given mortal umbrage to her family when she quitted Trevlyn Hold to become the second wife of plain Farmer Ryle.—George Ryle was not her son. She had but two children: Trevlyn, a boy two years younger than George; and a little girl of eight, named Caroline.

Mrs. Ryle turned round, and glanced at the garden path and at Letty Sanders.

"She *is* an object! See what she wants, Nora."

Nora, who had no patience with idleness and its signs, opened the door with a fling. The girl halted a few paces off the porch, and dropped a curtsey.

"Please, father be dreadful bad," began she. "He be lying on the bed and he don't stir, and he have got nothing but white in his face; and, please, mother said I was to come and tell the missis, and ask her for a spoonful o' brandy."

"And how dare your mother send you up to the missis in this trim?" was Nora's reply. "How many crows did you frighten coming along?"

"Please," whimpered the child, "she haven't had time to tidy me to day, father's been so bad, and 'tother frock was tored in the washin'."

"Of course," assented Nora. "Everything is 'tored' that she has to do with, and never gets mended. If ever there was a poor, moithering, thriftless thing, its that mother of yours. She has got no needles and no thread, I suppose, and neither soap nor water?"

Mrs. Ryle came forward to interrupt the colloquy.

"What is the matter with your father, Letty? Is he worse?"

Letty dropped another curtsey.

"Please 'm, it's his inside as have been bad again, but mother's afeared he's dying. He has fell back upon the bed, and he don't stir nor breathe. She says will you please send him a spoonful o' brandy?"

"Have you brought anything to put it in?" inquired Mrs. Ryle.

"No 'm."

"It's not likely," chimed in Nora. "Mrs. Sanders wouldn't think to send so much as a cracked teacup. Shall I put a drop in a bottle, and give it to her?" continued Nora, turning to Mrs. Ryle.

"No," replied Mrs. Ryle. "I must know what's the matter with him before I send brandy. You go back to your mother, Letty. Tell her I shall be going past her cottage presently, and will call in."

The child turned and scuffled off. Mrs. Ryle resumed to Nora.

"Should it be another attack of inward inflammation, brandy would be the worst thing he could take. He drinks too much, does Jim Sanders."

"His inside's like a yawning barrel—always waiting to be filled," remarked Nora. "He'd drink the sea dry if 'twas running with beer. What with his drinking, and her untidiness, small wonder that the children are in rags. I am surprised the master keeps him on!"

"He only drinks by fits and starts, Nora. His health will not let him do more."

"No, it won't," acquiesced Nora. "And I misdoubt me but this bout may be the ending of him. That hole was not dug for nothing."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ryle. "Find Treve, will you, Nora; and get him ready!"

"Treve," a young gentleman given to have his own way, and to be kept very much at home from school on account of "delicate health," a malady more imaginary than real, was found somewhere about the farm, and put into visiting condition. He and his mother were invited to take tea at Barbrook. In point of fact, the invitation had been for Mrs. Ryle only; but she could not bear to stir anywhere without her darling boy, Trevlyn.

They had barely departed when George entered. Nora had then got the tea on the table, and was standing cutting slices of bread-and-butter.

"Where are they all?" asked George, depositing his books upon a small sideboard at the back.

"Your mamma and Treve are off to tea at Mrs. Apperley's," replied Nora. "And the master, he rode over to Barmester this afternoon, and he is not back yet. Sit down, George. Would you like a taste of pumpkin pie?"

"Try me," responded George. "Is there any?"

"I saved it you from dinner," said Nora, bringing forth a plate of pie from a closet. "It is not over much. Treve, his stomach is as craving for pies as Jim Sanders's is for beer, and Mrs. Ryle she'd give him all he wanted, if it cleared the dish. He— Is that somebody calling?" she broke off, running to the window. "George, it's Mr. Chattaway! Go and see what he wants."

A gentleman on horseback had reined in close to the gate: a spare man,. rather above the middle height, with a pale, leaden sort of complexion, small, cold, light eyes, and mean looking features. George ran down the garden path.

"Is your father at home, George?"

"No. He is gone to Barmester."

A scowl passed over Mr. Chattaway's brow. "That's the third time I have been here this week, and cannot get to see him. Tell your father, George, that I have had another letter from Bute, and that I'll trouble him to attend to it. Tell him I will not be pestered with this business any longer, and if your father does not pay the money right off, I'll make him pay it."

Something not unlike an ice shaft shot through George Ryle's heart. He knew there was trouble between his house and Mr. Chattaway; that his father was, in pecuniary matters, at Mr. Chattaway's mercy. Was this move, this message, the result of his recent encounter with Cris. Chattaway? A hot flush dyed his face, and he wished—for his father's sake—that he had let Mr. Cris. alone. For his father's sake he was now ready to eat humble pie to Mr. Chattaway, though there never lived a boy less inclined to eat humble pie in a general way than was George Ryle. He went close up to the horse, and raised his honest eyes fearlessly.

"Has Christopher been complaining to you, Mr. Chattaway?"

"No. What has he to complain of?"

"Not much," answered George, his fears subsiding. "Only I know he does carry tales."

"Were there no tales to carry he could not carry them," coldly remarked Mr. Chattaway. "I have not seen Christopher since dinner time: it seems to me that you are always trying to suspect him of something. Take care that you deliver my message correctly, sir."

Mr. Chattaway rode away, and George returned to his pumpkin pie. He had scarcely eaten it—with remarkable relish, for his cold dinner which he took to school daily with him was little more than a lunch—when Mr. Ryle entered. He came in by the back door, having been round to the stables to leave his horse. He was a tall, fine man, with light, curling hair, mild, blue eyes, and a fair countenance, pleasant to look at in its honest simplicity. George delivered the message left by Mr. Chattaway.

"He left me that message, did he?" cried Mr. Ryle, who, if he could be angered by one thing, it was on this very subject—Chattaway's claims against him. "He might have kept it in until he saw me himself."

"He bade me tell it you, papa."

"Yes; it is no matter to Chattaway how he browbeats me and exposes my affairs.—It is what he has been at for years. Is he gone home?"

"I think so," replied George. "He rode that way."

"I'll stand it no longer, and I'll tell him so to his face," continued Mr. Ryle. "Let him do his best and his worst."

Snatching up his hat, Mr. Ryle strode out of the house, disdaining Nora's invitation to tea, and leaving on the table his neck-shawl, a large square of soft scarlet merino, which he had worn to Barmester. Recently suffering from sore throat, Mrs. Ryle had induced him to put it on when he rode out that afternoon.

"Look there," cried Nora; "he has left his scarlet cravat."

Snatching up the neckerchief, she ran after Mr. Ryle, catching him when he was half way down the path. He took it from her with a hasty movement, more, as it seemed to be rid of the importunity than as though he wanted it for use, and went along swinging it in his hand, but did not attempt to put it on.

"It is just like the master," grumbled Nora to George. "He has had that warm woolen thing on for hours, and now goes off without it! He'll get his throat bad again. There's some men would go about naked, for all the care they take of their health, if it wasn't for the fear that folks might stare at them."

"I am afraid," said George, "papa's gone to have it out with Chattaway."

"Serve Chattaway right if he is," returned Nora. "It is what the master has threatened this many a day."

### CHAPTER II.

THE HOLE IN THE GARDEN PATH.

Later, when George was working assiduously at his lessons and Nora was sewing, both by the help of the same candle—for an array of candles all alight at once were not more common than other luxuries in Mr. Ryle's house—footsteps were heard approaching the porch, and a modest knock came to the door.

"Come in," called out Nora.

A very thin woman, in a washed-out cotton gown, with a thin face to match, and inflamed eyes, came in, curtseying. It was an honest face, a meek face; although it looked as if it got a meal about once a week.

"Evening, Nora; evening, Master George. I have stepped round to ask the missis whether I shall be wanted on Tuesday."

"The missis is out," said Nora. "She has been talking of putting off the wash to the week after, but I don't know that she will. If you sit down a bit, Ann Canham, may be she'll be in."

Ann Canham seated herself respectfully on the edge of a remote chair. "It's not often one finds the missis out," she remarked.

"No, it's not," said Nora. "For one thing, she went to see Jim Sanders. He has got one of his bad attacks again."

"He has dreadful bouts, poor fellow!" observed Ann Canham.

"But six times out of the seven he brings them on through his own fault," tartly returned Nora. "Many and many a time I have told him he'd do for himself, and now I think he has! This bout, it strikes me, is his last."

"Is he so ill as that?" exclaimed Ann Canham. And George looked up from his exercise book with surprise.

"I don't know that he is," said Nora; "but—"

With the word "but," Nora broke suddenly off. She dropped her work, leaned her arms upon the table, and bent her head towards Ann Canham in the distance.

"We have had a strange thing happen here, Ann Canham," she continued, her voice falling to a mysterious whisper; "and if it's not a warning of death, never you believe me again. This morning— George, did you hear the dog in the night?" she again broke the thread of her discourse to ask.

"No," answered George.

"Boys sleep sound," she remarked to Ann Canham. "You might drive a coach and six through their room, and not wake them. His chamber's back, too. Last night the dog got round to the front of the house," she continued, "and there he was, all night long, sighing and moaning like a human creature. You couldn't call it a howl; it had too much pain in its sound. He was at it all night long; I couldn't sleep for it. The missis says she couldn't sleep for it. Molly heard it at times, but dropped off to sleep again; those hard-worked servants are heavy for sleep. Well, this morning I was up first, the master next, Molly next; but the master, he went out by the back way, and saw nothing. By and-by, before missis, and George, and Treve were down, I spied something out of this window on the garden path, as if somebody had been digging, and I went out. Ann Canham, it was for all the world like a grave!—a great hole with the earth of the path thrown up on either side it. That dog had done it in the night!"

Ann Canham, possibly feeling herself inconveniently aloof from the company when graves became the topic of conversation, drew her chair nearer the table. George sat, his pen arrested; his large eyes, wide open, were turned on Nora—not with a gaze of fear, however—more one of merriment.

"A great big hole, about twice the length of our rolling pin, and wide in proportion, all hollowed and scratched out," went on Nora. "I called the cow boy, and asked him what it looked like. 'A grave,' says he, without a minute's hesitation. Molly came out, and they two filled it in again, and trod the path down. The marks of it have been plain enough to be seen all day. The master has been talking a long while of having that path gravelled, but it has not been done."

"And the hole was scratted out by the dog?" proceeded Ann Canham, unable to overget the wonder.

"It was scratted out by the dog," emphatically answered Nora, using the same phraseology in her earnestness. "And everybody knows what it's a sign of—that there's death coming to the house or to somebody belonging to the house. Whether it's your own dog that scratches it, or whether it's somebody else's dog comes and scratches it, no matter; when a hole is made in that manner, it's a sure and certain sign that a real grave is about to be dug. It may not happen once in fifty years—no, not in a hundred; but, when it does come, it's a warning not to be neglected."

"It's odd how the dogs can know!" remarked Ann Canham, meekly.

"Those dumb animals have an instinct within them that we can't understand," said Nora. "We have had that dog ever so many years, and he never did such a thing before. Only upon it that it's Jim Sanders's warning. How you stare, George!"

"Well I may stare, to hear you," was George's answer. "How can you believe in such rubbish, Nora?"

"Just hark at him!" exclaimed Nora to Ann Canham. "Boys are half heathens. I'd not laugh in that irreverent way, if I were you, George, because Jim Sanders's time is come."

"I am not laughing at that," said George; "I am laughing at you. Look here, Nora: your argument won't hold water. If the dog had meant to give notice that he was digging a hole for Jim Sanders, he would have dug it before his door, wouldn't he, not before ours? There's no reason in it."

"Go on! go on!" cried Nora, scrutchingly. "It's no profit to argue with disbelieving boys. They'd stand it out to your face that the sun never shone. Jim Sanders is one of this household," she triumphantly wound up; "though I'm afraid he won't be one of it long."

Ann Canham rose from her chair, and meekly put it back to its place with much humility. Indeed, humility of manner and temperament was her chief characteristic.

"I'll come round in the morning, and know about the wash, if you please, ma'am," she said to Nora. "Father, he'll be wanting his supper, and will wonder where I'm a-staying."

She departed. Nora gave George a lecture upon disbelief and irreverence in general, but George was too busy with his books to take much notice of it.

The evening went on. Mrs. Ryle and Trevlyn returned, a diminutive boy the latter, with dark curls. Nora asked after Jim Sanders.

"Jim Sanders is considerably better," said Mrs. Ryle. "He is all right again now, and will be at work again in a day or two. It must have been a sort of fainting fit he had this afternoon, and his wife got frightened. I told him to rest to-morrow, and come up the next day if he felt strong enough."

George turned to Nora, his eyes dancing.

"What of the hole now?" he asked.

"Wait and see," snapped Nora. "And if you are impertinent, George, I'll never save you pie or pudding again."

Mrs. Ryle had gone into the contiguous sitting-room, but came back speedily when she found it in darkness and untenanted.

"Where's the master?" she exclaimed. "Surely he is home from Barmester?"

"Papa has been home ages ago," said George. "He's gone up to the Hold."

"Up to the Hold!" repeated Mrs. Ryle in great surprise, for there was something like deadly feud between Trevlyn Hold and Trevlyn Farm. "What can have taken him there?"

George explained; telling of Mr. Chattaway's message and the subsequent proceedings upon it. Nora added her word, that "as sure as fate, he was having it out with Chattaway." Nothing else would keep him at Trevlyn Hold.

But Mrs. Ryle knew that her husband, meek-spirited, easy-natured, was not one to "have it out" with anybody, even with his enemy Chattaway. He might say a few words, but it was all he would say, and the interview would be sure to end almost as soon as begun. She took off her things, and Molly carried the supper-tray into the parlor.

But still there was no Mr. Ryle. Ten o'clock struck, and Mrs. Ryle grew, not exactly uneasy, but curious, as to what could have become of him. What *could* he be stopping for at the Hold?

"It wouldn't surprise me to hear that his throat has been took so bad he can't come back," put in Nora. "Closing up, or something. He unwound his scarlet cravat from his neck, and went away swinging it in his hand, instead of giving his neck the benefit of it. There's John Pinder wailing all this while in the kitchen."

"Have you finished your lessons, George?" asked Mrs. Ryle, perceiving that he was putting his books away.

"Every one," answered George.

"Then you shall go up to the Hold, and walk home with your papa. I cannot think what he can be staying for."

"Perhaps he has gone somewhere else?" said George.

"No," said Mrs. Ryle. "He would neither go anywhere else, nor, I think, stop at Chattaway's. This is Tuesday evening."

An argument all conclusive. Tuesday evening was invariably devoted by Mr. Ryle to his farm accounts, and he never suffered anything to interfere with that evening's work. George threw his cap on his head, and started on his errand.

It was a starlight night, cold and clear, and George went along whistling. A quarter of an hour's walk along the turnpike road brought him to Trevlyn Hold. The road rose gently the whole of the way, for the land was higher at Trevlyn Hold than at Trevlyn Farm. A white gate, by the side of a lodge, admitted to the shrubbery or avenue—a dark walk, wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast, with the elm trees nearly meeting over head. The shrubbery was winding, and terminated in a lawn, which stretched before the windows of the house: an old-fashioned, commodious, stone built house, with gables to the roof, and a handsome flight of steps before the entrance hall. George ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"Is papa ready to come home?" he asked, not very ceremoniously, of the servant who answered it.

The man paused, as though he scarcely understood.

"Mr. Ryle is not here, sir," was the answer.

"How long has he been gone?" resumed George.

"He has not been here at all, *sir*, that I know of. I don't think he has."

"Just ask, will you?" said George. "He came here to see Mr. Chattaway. It was about five o'clock."

The man went away and came back.

"Mr. Ryle has not been here, sir. I thought he had not."

George wondered. Could he be out somewhere with Chattaway?

"Is Mr. Chattaway at home?" he inquired.

"Master is in bed," said the servant. "He came home about five, or thereabouts, not feeling well, and he went to bed as soon as tea was over."

George turned away. Where could his father have gone to, if not to Mr. Chattaway's? Where was he to look for him? As he passed the lodge, Ann Canham was locking the gate. It was a whim of Mr. Chattaway's that the large gate should be locked at night; but not till after ten. Foot passengers could go in by the small gate at its side.

"Have you seen my father anywhere since you left our house this evening?" he asked.

"No, I have not, Master George."

"I can't think where he can be. I thought he was at Chattaway's, but they say he has not been there."

"At Chattaway's! He'd not go there, would he, Master George?"

"He started to go there this afternoon. It's very odd where he can have gone! Good night, Ann Canham."

"Master George," she interrupted, "do you happen to have heard how it's going with Jim Sanders?"

"Oh, he is better," said George.

"Better!" slowly repeated Ann Canham. "Well, I hope he is," she added, in a tone of much doubt. "But, Master George, I didn't like what Nora told us. I can't bear them tokens from dumb animals. I never know 'em fail."

"Jim Sanders is all right, I tell you, Ann Canham," said heathen George. Mamma has been there, and he is coming to his work the day after to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night, sir," answered Ann Canham, in her usual humble fashion, as she retreated within the lodge. And George went through the gate, and stood there in hesitation, looking up and down. But it was apparently of no use to proceed farther up the road in the uncertainty; and he turned back towards home, wondering much.

What had become of Mr. Ryle?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TERRIFIC COMBAT BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A LION.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK, ENTITLED, "ADVENTURES IN MANY LANDS.")

My black guide, whose movements were as noiseless and gliding as those of a snake, was about two yards in front of me, pushing gently but swiftly on hands and knees through the tangled underwood and thorny creepers, which made the entrance into the dense and gloomy recesses of the primeval African forest almost impassable to the hardiest of the human race, and I was eagerly following in the track which he had made, when suddenly he paused, uttered a low slight hiss, and placing his right hand behind him, made with it a gentle movement, warning me to be silent and cautious.

How long we both remained motionless and hardly daring to draw a breath I know not. It may have been five minutes. It appeared to me as many hours. I felt neither fear nor apprehension of danger, but my anxiety to obtain a sight of a living gorilla, and, if possible, to get within shot of him, and the hope that my black hunter had at length marked one, caused my heart to throb with expectation so loudly, that in order to still it I was obliged to hold my breath forcibly until the sense of suffocation became unbearable, and it was with great difficulty I repressed a spasmodic tendency to relieve the oppressed lungs by a scream. At length my guide moved forwards, but so silently that his progress was more like that of a shadow than of anything having life and weight in it. His hand was still carried behind him, the open palm towards me, and every motion of the fingers instinct with intelligence and warnings of the presence of danger the most imminent and deadly. The Fan (my guide was a splendid specimen of that noblest of the Central African tribes) again stopped. His palm expanded, and I instantly paused. The ground shook with a slight tremor. The air vibrated around us and beat flutteringly upon our ears, as the reader may have felt when the deepest base of a great organ is gently touched. At first I did not perceive that the agitation was the result of sound, but as the vibration was passing away I distinguished a low deep roar, and found that some terrible beast, most probably either a lion or a gorilla, was close at hand, and was either conversing in a low tone with his mate, or was uttering the first notes of suspicion or alarm.

I had seen the nasty little birds which attend the rhinoceros and perform for the deep folds of his thick but not insensible hide the duty which in civilized society is remitted to the small-tooth comb. I know how sharp a watch and ward they keep over the safety of their living feeding-ground, and how they scream and dig their sharp and searching beaks into the fierce brute's ear when anything dangerous or strange approaches his resting-place; and I feared lest some such courtierly parasite of the woods might have attached itself to the service and the court of the anthropoidal spish monarch, and was now whispering into his majesty's ear its suspicions that certain barbarian invaders, or low and villanous revolutionists of an inferior order of the gorilla species, were trespassing within the bounds which his majesty had been graciously pleased to reserve as the limits of his own exclusive private domain. I listened, but no particular note or chirp struck my ear. The silence was almost appalling; so was the darkness of that portion of the dense forest into which we had penetrated. Very shortly after we had entered the woods the fierce glare of the sun had ceased to penetrate to the ground except at rare intervals. The broad luxuriant upper foliage of the mighty trees completely excluded the blaze of the tropical sun, which shone down through a yellow atmosphere like the mouth of an open furnace, from a sphere of polished, glaring, reddened brass. At first there were cool extensive forest glades, and vast avenues of gigantic trees, populous and noisy with birds of gorgeous plumage but discordant voices; then came closer stems and lesser growth of scions springing emulously up amidst the giant parents of the woods. Thick tangles of tough-stalked creepers intertwining with thorny plants, like briars of gigantic growth, next barred our path in places which were thereby made absolutely impenetrable. At length, after threading our way through tracks which the wild animals had slightly made, we reached those darkest, densest portions of the woods where the Fan hunter knew that the gorilla could be only found, if found at all.

Here, in the interpenetralia, the voices of the forest had altogether ceased. The hiss of a serpent, the twitter of a grasshopper or locust, the hoot of an owl, or the chatter of a stray monkey might indeed be occasionally heard, but such sounds were few and far between, and they served rather to illustrate and mark the silence by showing how exceptional and discordant with all things around they were. The darkness, although nearly as deep as that of a starless night, was not nightlike. It was not thick and close and pitchy, provocative of closed eyes and slumber; it was a greenish black, living, startling, intelligent and wakeful, as though the light were struggling to break through from the outside, and exciting hope that it would succeed momentarily. The eyes strained to pierce the verdant gloom. They seemed to feel a power within them to become accustomed to it, and to dilate their pupils sufficiently to magnify the few attenuated rays which had flicted into and lost themselves in that leafy-roofed dungeon until they should be made to illuminate its depths and unfold its secrets.

The pause which my guide now made was longer than the first one, but to me it was not so painful. The oppression was necessarily great, but my nerves were strung more perfectly to endure it, and my expectation was higher, more assured, and calm.

The Fan looked round to see whereof was. The movement gave me pleasure, because I was then certain that my progress was so completely noiseless that even the quick ear of my savage friend had failed to detect the crushing of a withered stick or leaf beneath me. As the black turned his face to me, his eyes were the only features that were distinctly visible. They appeared to be lighted up by a lurid fire within them, and when his head was sufficiently brought round to look upon me fully, his eyes glared brightly and fiercely as those of a royal Bengal tiger.—Mine must have looked similarly upon him, for he made a gesture of surprise with hand and countenance, then grinned, showing his brilliant white teeth from ear to ear, and formed an O with his mouth, which I interpreted as an intimation that a gorilla, if not a whole family of those delicate monsters, was within view, and bringing forward his rifle so as to see that the cap was right, he resumed his cautious advance. Turning a little to the left he made room for me to draw up alongside of him, and I then discovered that we had reached the inner edge of the brushwood, and that a clear space, forming a small amphitheatre in the forest, was before us. An enormous tree which seemed to have overshadowed and destroyed every plant and shrub within its range, occupied the centre, and formed the dense canopy of this open.—A slight gesture from the black hunter directed my attention to the foot of the giant of the woods, but he at the same time placed one hand above his eyes, thereby intimating to me that I must shade mine before looking, lest the glare of them in the darkness should attract the attention of our game. Laying myself along my double-barrelled rifle, I shaded my eyes with both my hands and looked towards the great tree. Sitting on the ground, cross legged, with his back against the trunk, his hands lying carelessly at his sides, with the palms turned up, and his head sunk down between his shoulders in a doze, if not sleeping state, was a huge male gorilla. His profile was towards us. At the opposite side of the amphitheatre, the tree sometimes concealing them from our view, were a female and a young male feeding, and gathering some kind of nuts which the female occasionally carried and threw on the ground, close to her dozing lord and master. I watched their proceedings for some time with intense interest. At length the Fan made a sign of interrogation, which recalled me to a sense of our position. We were too far from our dangerous game to risk a shot at him, which, if it only wounded without killing, would bring not only himself, but possibly his wife and young hopeful upon us before we could draw another trigger. If we startled him only, without hitting him, he might plunge into the jungle and escape.—We could not lie there all day looking at him without doing anything, and we dare not attempt to hold council with one another, as the lowest whisper would reach either the sleeping or the waking members of the family.

A few moments of irresolution terminated in my laying my rifle and taking a long and steady aim at the side of paterfamilias. It was difficult to cover my object, for a flickering exhalation was rising from the entire surface of the earth, through which the gorilla seemed to be in perpetual motion, in and out of the sight of my rifle, up and down, flashing and waving, rising and falling, until I lost all confidence in my power of taking aim so near the ground, and, being a crack shot under ordinary circumstances, I had just resolved to risk everything by standing up and taking an open shot at him from the shoulder, when a turn was given to my thoughts (and I must confess I got rather a turn myself) by the sudden appearance of a new sportsman in the form of a black python, some thirty feet in length, which was coiled round a small tree close to me, but which my rapt attention to my game had prevented me from observing previously. The python had unwound a few coils, and having thus freed about ten or twelve feet of his body to enable him to examine me and my proceedings more closely, he was hanging within a yard of my face, his long, black, forked tongue darting from his mouth, waving and retiring again with the rapidity of lightning, and his glittering eyes glancing from me to the rifle, as though he wondered what sort of an animal it was, and whether it might prove to be a more dainty morsel than I myself might be. I had a Persian scimitar, as keen as a razor, in my hunting belt. The snake in his wavings to and fro brought his neck at times within a foot of my shoulder. I slid my right hand down to feel for the handle of my sword, keeping my eyes fixed upon the python. I grasped and was drawing the weapon, wondering whether the snake or I would strike first, when both of us were startled by a terrific shriek, or rather series of shrieks, as if a strong, rough woman were rending the air in mingled rage and pain.

The python vanished as my sword flew out.

The shrieks were uttered by the female gorilla, who had gone some distance into the wood whilst I was engaged, first with trying to aim at the male, and afterwards with watching the terrible reptile. She had either disturbed a lion, who was sleeping away the effects of a hearty supper, or had met him on his way to the cool depths of the forest, and had nearly afforded him a morning repast.—She sprang into the nearest tree, uttering at the same time those startling human cries which had frightened away the python and nearly unnerved me. As to my guide, he had not seen my danger, and he was still watching the male gorilla, patiently awaiting my decision, and expecting every instant the report of my rifle. The shrieks had startled him a little, not so much, however, as they had affected me; for he had heard the like before, and he knew they would be uttered the moment that either a shot should be fired or the female should discover us by any chance. But when a roar, that shook the ground on which we lay, announced the nature of the danger from which the female gorilla had so narrowly escaped, my Fan friend, black as he was, actually became pallid with fear.

The roar of the lion was instantly answered by a deeper, hoarser, louder, and more savage roar. A sound so expressive of anger, defiance, and relentless, savage, cruel ferocity, I never heard!

I looked at the Fan and smiled. He understood me instantly. His limbs ceased to tremble. He closed his mouth with an effort, then grinned, placed his fingers on his lips, and turned to watch the combat which was now inevitable, and in the occurrence of which lay our best hopes of safety.

Scarcely thirty yards on our left, the lion had come crashing through the jungle, and had cleared the close inner tangle with a bound. He now stood full in sight in the clear open, his head erect, his mane standing up and out, all straight, like the hair of an angry cat, magnifying his apparent bulk to colossal proportions; his tail, which at first stood nearly straight, was waving from side to side. At length it struck his ribs alternately on either side with sounding blows, and he uttered a longer and more terrific roar than that which he had given when the female gorilla escaped from him. Opposite to him was the male gorilla, now looking most unlike the uncouth, sleepy figure which we had seen propped against the tree.

At the first shriek from his mate, the gorilla had sprung into life and sudden energy. Placing the knuckles of his upper hands upon the ground, he bounded lightly into the air to a surprising height, rising from all his four hands together, and coming down upon all fours again. When the lion roared, the gorilla seemed at once to comprehend the nature both of the challenge and the adversary, and to resolve upon fighting, although it would have been easy for him to escape by springing into a tree. He rose upon his hinder hands (or feet), and standing erect, looking very like a large-bodied, long-armed, short legged, powerful negro, about six feet two inches in height, he uttered his tremendous acceptance of the lion's challenge, beating his breast at the same time with his huge fists alternately, and producing sounds like heavy blows upon a bass drum. When the lion sprang into the inclosure and stood bristling before him, the gorilla dropped upon all-fours again, with his knuckles on the ground; his eyes, which flamed like fire seen through rubies, fixed upon his dreadful enemy, and his eyebrows working up and down with inconceivable rapidity, giving to his countenance a look of such demoniac ferocity, that it seemed to make the lion pause at least, if he did not quail.

Lashing his sides with his tail until he roused himself to fury, the lion delivered his second roar, as though his honor were concerned in outroaring no less than in vanquishing by his prowess all antagonists; and, on his part the gorilla, albeit questions of honor seemed little likely to be favored or considered by him, accepted nevertheless the preliminary contest of angry noise, and uttered another roar so utterly demoniac and horrible, standing up again in order to deliver it freely, that the lion crouched at once to spring upon him and bring the question of superior prowess to the proof. A few short, swift steps—a bound of twenty feet—two or three sharp, snarling growls—and I expected to see the combatants locked in fatal embrace! But it was not so.

As the lion rose in his long bound, the gorilla sprang also, but more lightly and higher, straight up into the air. The lion struck upwards to catch him; the action turned himself over, and he fell heavily on his side, the gorilla dropping on him, striking him twice, and then springing off with a sidling, jumping run, to a distance of several yards. Instantaneous as had been the encounter, both were severely wounded. The gorilla was bleeding from the head and back. The lion had a fearful gash across his ribs; and judging from the crashing sounds of the two blows which he had received, I thought that some of his ribs must have been broken.—The lion rushed without a moment's pause at his adversary, but the agility of the gorilla was too great to permit the lion to close at his pleasure. For some minutes the movements of the lion in attack, and of the gorilla in avoidance, were almost too rapid for the eye to follow their evolutions. At length the lion paused, bewildered by the speed and activity of his antagonist. Instantly the gorilla sprang upon and rolled him over with a single blow upon the side of the head.—Again the chase and avoidance were resumed, but this time for a much longer space than before, the lion being resolved to catch the nimble ape; but again he was obliged to pause, and again he was instantly knocked over. When he rose he staggered, whether from the effects of the terrific blows which he had received, or from giddiness resulting from his gyrations in pursuit of the gorilla, it was impossible to decide, but he reeled and fell off several steps to the right before he recovered sufficiently to prepare for another charge. In the meantime the gorilla was dodging round and bobbing up and down before him, as captured monkeys may be often seen to do in their cages when persons are teasing them. Both lion and gorilla kept up an incessant noise, growling, snarling, roaring and screaming, varying their tones in accordance with their actions or sufferings, and although nothing like a close had taken place, both were bleeding freely; the lion's right eye was either shut up or gone, and the gorilla was nearly scalped. The lion had now learned so much of his enemy's strength and activity that he tried several feints to get him within range. He lay down, but the gorilla kept jumping round him so near, that he was obliged to spring round with equal alertness, to avoid being taken by surprise. He tried another rush, but he stopped sooner than at first, and when the gorilla sprang upon him to strike, the lion turned on his back and received him with teeth and claws.

The crisis of the battle had arrived.—Growls, snarls, shrieks and roars came out in a demoniac chorus from a confused mass of swirling leaves and dust; limbs, teeth, claws, blood, and springing bodies, as though ten fighting beasts instead of two were combating amidst a whirlwind! I became so excited that I could scarcely command myself. A crash, as of smashing large bones, and a horrible shriek! The noise and fury of the combat were redoubled for a minute or two! Then came a pause! The dust and cloud of leaves subsided. The lion was uppermost. The left arm of the gorilla was across his tremendous mouth. It was the crunching of the double bones of the fore arm which I had heard! His claws were firmly fixed in the gorilla's shoulder and head, but he was himself nearly torn asunder and disemboweled! Huge rents were in his body, and the feet of the gorilla were buried in his loins, whilst the mighty right arm of the ape was free, and would be active again directly breath had been taken.

The final struggle quickly came. Up rose the cloud of dust and leaves again! Whirling, shrieking, bounding, striking, growling, struggling, groaning, the confused mass rushed hither and thither with increased velocity! Over, and over it rolled, like a tangle of fighting demons, until it came unconfortably near to where I and my negro guide were lying hid. It swayed away from us, returned again, rolled off, then back; and just as the Fan and I both sprang to our feet to escape from such dangerous proximity, the combatants, locked in their deadly embrace, came crashing against us, knocking us over, and into a deep pit which we had not seen, falling upon us with a force which for an instant deprived me of consciousness. Recovering myself, however, I struggled furiously, fearing that even if the beasts had killed each other, I should be smothered under their bleeding carcases. I kicked, struck, and tried to push the dreadful load away. The noise above me was terrific, but I was able to distinguish my own name amidst the uproar, and it struck me that the voice in which it was pronounced was somewhat familiar. I paused in my efforts to extricate myself, and listened. Again and again my name was called loudly, distinctly, and earnestly.

"John, John!" It was the voice of my wife whom I had left safely at home in London.

"John, John! Wake up, will you? You've got the nightmare, and have fallen out of bed! John, John, do get up, dear! You've dragged all the bedclothes down on the floor with you. You've rolled yourself up in them so tightly that I can't get you out. You'll be smothered if you don't wake up. Oh, dear! oh, dear me! Wake up, you great stupid, do!"

"Bless my soul!" said I. "How fortunate—how curious it is, too, that you should have come to my rescue so opportunely. It was very kind of you, and so courageous besides! When did you arrive out? Do you know I was wondering, just as I was tumbling into this horrid pit, why the gorilla's wife didn't come to *his* assistance. You know she might have done it easily and safely enough, for the lion wouldn't have let go his hold, and if she had sprung on his back she might have enabled her husband to freshen his grip. They might have quickly strangled him between them. Is it not cu—"

"My goodness gracious me!" said my wife, interrupting me. "What stuff and nonsense are you talking? Lions and gorillas!—fiddlesticks! There are gorillas and lions enough in the street! Drunken women screaming, and nasty men fighting, and the police trying to take them off to the station. The noise they made woke me, and there I found you snorting and grunting and struggling on your back, and the moment I touched you, away you floundered out of the bed, rolling yourself up in the clothes, and dragging them all away with you. Oh, don't sit on the floor there, like a great donkey, with your night-cap on one side, looking so silly and ridiculous. Do get up and help me to set the clothes straight on the bed again."

"What!" said I. "Was it all a dream, and is not even my noble Fan a reality?"

"Your Fan, indeed;" retorted Mrs. Smith, who was beginning to lose her placidity of temper. "If you are so warm as to want a fan, you may sit up there and use mine. I'll lend it to you and welcome. But please let me have the bedclothes, for I don't want fanning. My teeth are chattering with the cold. The police have taken all the fighting and shouting and screaming gorillas and lions, male and female, to the station-house. The fans are in the wardrobe. Do, there's a dear, get up off the floor. That's right."

A. W. H.

## HOW A MAN FEELS IN BATTLE.

There can be nothing more puzzling than the analysis of one's feelings on a battle-field. You cannot describe them satisfactorily to yourselves or others. To march steadily up to the mouths of a hundred cannon, while they pour out fire and smoke, and shot and shell in a storm that mows the men like grass, is horrible beyond description—appalling. It is absurd to say a man can do it without fear. During Hancock's charge, at Fredericksburg, for a long distance the slope was swept by such a hurricane of death that we thought every step would be our last, and I am willing to say, for one, that I was pretty badly scared. Whatever may be said about "getting used to it," old soldiers secretly dread a battle equally with new ones. But the most difficult thing to stand up under is the suspense while waiting, as we waited in Fredericksburg, drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the field, watching the columns file past us and disappear in a cloud of smoke, where horses and men and colors go down in confusion, where all sounds are lost in the screaming of shells, the crackling of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and knowing that our own turn comes next, expecting each moment the word "Forward." It brings a strange kind of relief when "Forward" comes. You move mechanically with the rest. Once fairly in for it, your sensibilities are strangely blunted, you care comparatively nothing about the sights that shocked you at first; men torn to pieces by cannon shot becomes a matter of course. At such a time, there comes a latent sustenance from within us, or above us, which no man anticipates who has not been in such a place before, and which most men pass through life without knowing anything about. What is it? Where does it come from?

## CELTIC POETRY.

The historical value of Celtic poetry is proved by the fact that a poem by the bard Taliesen, who lived anno 540, and who described the death of King Arthur and the place of his interment, was repeated to Henry II. about the year 1187. The King, to test the historical value of the poem, ordered a search to be made for King Arthur's tomb in the churchyard of Glastenbury, and there it was found and identified. A similar discovery was made by the recitation of a harper of a duan on Osthgarbha, where Oscar and Cairbear both fell, in which an account is given of the burial of King Conou, a provincial chief or king, who fell also there. The Irish Academy, to verify the bardic record, had the spot excavated, when the grave was found as described. According to tradition, Cohmal (pronounced Cole), the father of Fingal, fell in Ayrshire, in a battle fought between himself and Morne, the father of Gaul, who was supported by a clan of the Britons of Strathclyde. The grave being pointed out by tradition, the late Dr. Memes, then rector of the Ayr Academy, and other gentlemen, had it opened, when it was found to verify Ossian's description.—*The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, by Donald Campbell.*

## WINONA.

The name Winona, which is used so often in naming ships, and which is now upon one of the best gunboats in the navy, is derived from a legend of northern New Hampshire. Winona was the daughter of an Indian chief, who had rescued from the hands of the savages a traveller by the name of Thornton, with whom she eloped, and whom she subsequently married. A few years of forest life so wearied the husband that he concluded to go back into society, and communicated that fact to his wife, who was so overcome by the announcement that she killed herself by drinking tea from the nightshade berries. Thornton, after performing the last sad rites for his devoted wife, removed to Boston, where in the busy world he hoped to forget this unhappy occurrence. Twenty years rolled by, when one day a traveller came to a public house in Winchester, New Hampshire, and after depositing his baggage, hastened to a grove of cedar, and was found the next day, lying by the grave of Winona, dead.

"As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She looked so lovely, as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly wrath for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

☞ The French have complained a great deal of General Butler's sending violent traitors to Ship Island and to the forts below New Orleans. But it appears that every one at Vera Cruz who offends the French is transported to Martinique, and whoever does not serve them willingly is threatened with a like transportation. Martinique is a thousand miles away from Vera Cruz, and the poor fellows sent there have been dying of the yellow fever.

☞ ANGER.—The beginning of anger is foolishness, and its end is repentance.


PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

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Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.


☞ Life is a journey over a hill. From youth to mid-age we are clambering to the top; from mid-age to seventy we gradually descend, and we find our grave-bed ready for us which mother Nature, considering our frailty, has made for us—in fine, she has taken our dust from one side of the hill to carry it and rest it forever on the other side.

☞ BY AN AERONAUT.—We are the only real aristocrats of to-day. We don't care much how we rise, so that our descent is all right!

☞ I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind; and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said—"Confound you, let me go!"

☞ Miss Davis's skating partner, on the pretty pond in South Abington, was assisting the young lady, when his skate caught in her hoop skirt, threw him, broke his nose, put his shoulder out of joint, and gave Miss Davis a severe fall also. Moral: wear Quakers!

☞ There are men who are themselves little mobs. They are themselves riots in God's government, embodied breakers of all law, by simply letting the helm of their natures loose, and drifting before their impulses. Wherever they go, life goes at loose ends.—*Chapin.*

☞ A recent writer thus hits the pugnosed race of people—"A man with a pug nose is a creature despised by gods and his fellow-men—he may be a counter-jumper—he may be a dandy—he will never command in the field or in the council. But a woman with a pug-nose—consider. Did you ever know such a one that did not in everything have her own way? that did not rule her husband, her children, her servants, her house, her shop-keepers, her whole world?"

☞ The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

☞ Judy Bralcegan having been requested to open some oysters, after knocking them about for some time, exclaimed:—"Upon my conscience, then, but they are mighty hard to *pace!*"

☞ Peace can do a great deal towards making a gentleman, but war is more likely to *finish* him.

☞ "Oh, dear!" exclaimed a bright girl the other day, who had just entered the High school and had to commit two pages of ancient history a day—"I pity the generations of scholars who are to come after me." "Why?" asked we. "Because they will have to remember so many more names of rivers and places, dates of battles and numbers of killed, wounded and missing."

☞ A woman in love with you will easily forgive a great indiscretion, but never a small indelicacy.

## THE REIGN OF TERROR
### IN MISSISSIPPI AND ALABAMA.

**Whole Families Flying to Corinth for Protection—Memphis Rebels Returning for Safety.**

A letter from Memphis, dated the 11th, published in the Cincinnati Gazette, has the following information from rebel states:

Great outrages are now experienced by the unfortunate residents of North Alabama and Mississippi. In the latter state the Legislature recently enacted a law embracing all conscripts all men not included in the rebel act. The act of Jeff Davis includes all from eighteen to forty years of age, and that recently passed takes all from forty to sixty years of age. The territory of Mississippi has been laid off in districts of twenty miles and recruiting colonels appointed for each district. A thousand colonels have been appointed to enforce the conscript act, and the militia acts in North Alabama have been worse. There are many Union men in that section of the state, and violent efforts are made to force them into the rebel ranks. The Union men have long hid out in the woods and caves, to avoid the terrors of conscripts. This induced a novel hunt for them. Guerillas and bloodhounds have been put upon their track, and many poor victims have been smelt out in this way.

Not long since a young girl, carrying food to her father, who was hiding in a cave, was attacked by one of these bloodhounds and torn to pieces.

It is estimated that not less than one thousand Union men from Mississippi and Alabama, have made their way to Corinth, where General Dodge made all possible provision for them. General Dodge sent out and brought in the families of the persecuted and down-trodden Union men, and has established and is still of measurable use at home for all these families at Purdy, where they are likely to be freed from persecution.

At Corinth a regiment is forming of Union men from Alabama and Mississippi. It already numbers two companies. Capt. J. C. Cameron, Provost Marshal of the District of Corinth, is to be Colonel. This regiment is made up from among those who have recently suffered persecutions.

Abraham Kennedy and J. M. Mitchell, of Hackelbo settlement, Munroe county, Ala., have been hung by the rebels for indulging Union proclivities. Mr. Hollwork and daughter of the same county have been shot; and Rector Lewis, an immediate neighbor, is suspected. Union proclivities, it was hunted down by bloodhounds and captured. The houses of J. A. Palmer, Worly Williams, and other Union men, were burned over their families' heads, and the people living in the neighborhood hold in dread the fate that befell them their own houses would be burned. Mr. Peterson, living at the head of Bull Mountain, was killed for Union sentiments. Two women in Tuscumbia county were torn to pieces by bloodhounds. In addition to the foregoing one hundred families driven out of Alabama, reached Corinth on foot without food or clothing. Some of the fugitives are old men eighty years of age.

The fight in enforcement of the conscription act has probably induced the return to Memphis of many old citizens who went away under order No. 1, but who, when called upon to fight in a war of their own making, skulk away to Memphis, seeking the protection of the guns of the enemy—the very men against whom they have all along vaunted their undying hatred.

### Another Outrage of General Butler.

It will be remembered by our readers that the little Count Mejan, formerly French Consul at New Orleans, once frantically appealed to the Emperor Napoleon to send an armed force to protect the groghop-keepers of that city, from an "unconstitutional" tax. General Butler had levied upon them. The Emperor was so puzzled to know what his Consul had to do with the American Constitution, and on what principles he made himself the champion of whiskey-venders in an American city, that he called the Count home to explain.

It will be seen, from what follows, that General Butler's tyranny did not stop at taxing groghops. It seems that after the expulsion of the rebel sympathizers, Men and Things, from New Orleans, the dead walls of that city were suddenly covered with conspicuous bills containing the following sentence:—

"Get your shirts at Moody's, 207 Canal street."

A planter, a secessionist, came to town some months after Butler had taken the reins in his hands, and marvelled much at the cleanliness and good order he found prevailing; also, he was surprised at this notice which stared him everywhere in the face.

"Get your shirts at Moody's?" said he to an acquaintance he met in the street; "what does this mean? I see it everywhere posted up. What does it mean?"

"Oh," was the reply, for "that is another of the outrageous acts of this fellow Butler. This is one of the 'orders' of which you hear so much. Don't you see? he has ordered us to get our shirts at Moody's, and we have to do so. It is, of course, suspected that he is the silent partner in that concern, and pockets the profits."

The poor planter listened with eyes and mouth open, and replied—

"I don't need any shirts just now, and it's a great piece of tyranny; but this Butler enforces his orders so savagely, that it is better for me to give in at once;" and accordingly he went to "Moody's" and purchased half a dozen shirts—on compulsion.—*New York Evening Post.*

A Romance of the War.—The Hartford *Evening Press* narrates the following curious incident, which it has from an officer in the 20th Connecticut regiment:—

"When the regiment first marched towards Dumfries in December, it halted for over three hours close by a farm house, three miles south of the Occoquan river. Corporal Halsey J. Tibbals, of Co. D, a member of the color guard, while gratifying his propensity for sight-seeing with the rest, discovered what seemed to him familiar localities. He remembered that he was born in Virginia, and lived there till the age of eight, but had not any definite idea of the precise locality. He was soon satisfied, however, that he had found his birthplace, and pointed out the grave of his grandfather, and the path leading to the spring which supplied the household with water. Inquiry of the occupants of the house corroborated his convictions, and brought out the fact that he was the sole surviving heir to the property, which still goes by the name of "the Tibbals farm." The property consists of over 200 acres, and in New England would make a man independent, but Mr. Tibbals declines to prosecute his claim, as he has a poor estimation of Southern property since his experience. He is also the rightful owner of 1 000 acres of land in Texas, which fell to him by the death of a relative."

### NEWS ITEMS.

The property of the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, is valued at fifteen millions of dollars, mostly landed estate.

Those who profess to know, say the warm gulf stream is gradually drawing nearer our coast, moderating our usual weather. The sharks which have frequented our coast for the last two summers, and the mildness of the winters for the past two years, are considered proofs of this fact.

In a recent number of a Georgia rebel paper is a column of editorial, the leader of which is devoted to softening down the bad feeling which it says exists between the shoeblacker and non-shoeblacker, and also to smoothing over the growing dissensions which are springing up between the inhabitants of the country and those of the towns. The article is significant, and reveals the existence of a smouldering fire which, in a few months more, will burst out into a flame all over the bogus Confederacy.

Interesting Fact.—The magnetic needle was used in China 1040 years B. C. The first compass consisted of a common sewing needle, touched with a natural loadstone, mounted upon a piece of cork, and permitted to float in water placed in a bowl of earthenware.

Odd Legal Question.—A Cleveland lawyer has started the grave question whether, in case children should be born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, they can legally inherit property from their parents, because of the Latin maxim *le infimis non ex nutor lex*; which, being interpreted, means that the "law takes no notice of small things."

At Rome, Pasquino has made a joke at the expense of the Emperor Napoleon and his campaign in Mexico. The word "puccini" in Italian expresses alike the English words "ducks" and "ducat." Pasquino foretells that, although the war in Italy only cost three ducats, the war in Mexico will cost a "Napoleone."

Mr. G. Lawrence, author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., has just left England for the Southern states of America. It is reported that he intends taking service under "Stonewall" Jackson. The records of his observations are to be published in the London journal Once a Week.

The exportation of fresh meats from the western states to Europe, by the way of Portland, N. H., says the Portland Press, has grown to be an extensive business. The meats are cut up, partially dried and packed in boxes from three to four feet square; dry salted sufficiently to preserve them on their passage. They are brought by railroad from Chicago, Illinois, &c., and shipped principally by the Canadian line of steamers from Portland. During the month of January last, these steamers took 12,960 packages of meat, containing 7,371,300 pounds, valued at $870,000 00. Lard, hams, &c., are also exported largely by the same line.

On the 19th inst., Professor Agassiz, the eminent naturalist, took the preliminary steps to become a naturalized citizen of the United States.

Cassius M. Clay Going to Russia.—Cassius M. Clay has finally determined to abandon his major-general's commission, and return to Russia. He will start in a short time, and will be accompanied by Henry Taylor, who has been acting Minister since Mr. Cameron's departure. Mr. Taylor will not remain as Secretary of Legation after Mr. Clay's arrival.

The Case of Gen. McKinstry.—The general order embracing the findings and sentence of the court martial in the case of Gen. McKinstry, at St. Louis, covers sixty pages of foolscap. The sentence is that he be dismissed from the service.

Sensation Rumors.—Representative Gooch, of Massachusetts, said last week in the House, by instruction of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, of which he is a member, that a recently published statement, that Gen. Meigs refused to testify to the treason of any officer whom he has been charging, is without foundation; and, on the same authority, an emphatic denial is given to the truth of another statement, that Gen. McClellan has been summoned before the same committee to meet grave charges.

Major-General Foster, and Brigadier-Generals Meagher and Meredith, are in Washington awaiting orders from the government.

Fraud on the Rebel Government.—According to the Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, Mr. Foote indends prosecuting his researches into all the departments of government, civil and military, and he says he has but begun a work which will, in the end, fill the country with surprise, so great have been the frauds and peculations of the rebels.

The Richmond Dispatch, Feb. 17th, contains an advertisement for service in the rebel army, offering a bounty of two thousand dollars apiece.

The office of the Keokuk (Ill.) Constitution was destroyed on the 19th, by a party of convalescent soldiers from the hospital. The types were thrown into the street, and the presses broken up and a part thrown into the river.

There is one singular fact in natural history, as far as Louisiana is concerned, which is not unworthy of attention, namely, where hundreds of alligators were formerly seen sunning themselves along the Mississippi and its outlets, none are now found. The negroes insist upon it that they have all *enlisted in the Southern army!*

News from Fortress Monroe says that the rebel Congress will overrule Jeff. Davis in his retaliatory proclamation and message. Exchanges will go on as heretofore under the cartel. Satisfactory arrangements have been perfected for the exchange of civilians.

A rebel paper, in advising the raising of breadstuffs says:—"This policy, if pursued, besides furnishing us with the sinews of war and enabling us to maintain the blockade long by the enemy, would test an important question, and settle, one way or another, the dynasty of 'King Cotton.' *Withheld another crop of the great staple from the mills of Manchester, and the throne of England will totter, while Napoleon, whose crown sits but too loosely on his head,* will be forced by the inexorable *logic of events to recognize the nationality of the Confederacy, or else abide the fatal consequences of an irritated, disunited and dismayed people, whose rebellious spirit, when once aroused, will brook no restraint.*" (Whew!)

The French Showing Us How to Carry on a War.—Our latest advices from the Mexican Republic report the French in a sad state. Several important places have been abandoned by them, and they have met with several reverses, afloat and ashore. Sickness among them does not seem to decrease. The small-pox is still violent among the natives. It has been carried to Matlapoya, and brought from thence. Dysentery is playing sad havoc with those in the interior, and the general impression seemed to be that summer, with its vomito (yellow fever,) would be upon them ere any important change could take place. A letter from the Mexicans manage to get all their mules.

Frightened to Death.—Mrs. Root, wife of the town ship collector of DeKalb, Illinois, was frightened to death last week by a man dressed in a white sheet with a coat wound around his head. He knocked at her door in the evening. She gazed for a moment at the horrid figure, and then fell backward to the floor lifeless. The ghostly joker is a merchant of respectable standing.

### SINGULAR BATTLE INCIDENT.

There where many incidents in the battle of Stone's river that have not yet seen the light. One specially is worth mentioning. In the rebel charge upon McCook's right, the rebel Third Kentucky was advancing full upon one of our loyal Kentucky regiments. These two regiments were from the same county, and consequently were old friends and neighbors, now about to meet for the first time as enemies. As soon as they came close enough for recognition they mutually ceased firing, and began shouting, and cursing, and swearing at each other, calling each other the most outlandish names; and all this time the battle was roaring around them without much attention from either side. It was hard to tell which regiment would come off the victor in this weedy battle. As far as I could hear both sides were terrible at swearing; but this could not always last; by mutual consent they finally ceased cursing, and, grasping their muskets, charged into each other with the most unearthly yell ever heard on any field of battle. Muskets were clubbed, bayonet met bayonet, and in dozens of instances, when old friends made this belligerent array with passion, the musket was thrown away, and at it they went, pummelling, pulling and gouging in rough and tumble style, and in a manner that any looker on would consider it as a free fight.

The rebels were getting rather the better of the fight, when the twenty-third Kentucky succeeded in giving a flanking fire, which made them retreat with quite a number of prisoners in their hands. The rebels had, however, got in the rear of the Ninth Ohio came up on the double quick, and, charging on their now disordered ranks, succeeded in capturing all their prisoners, besides taking in return a great many of the rebels. As the late belligerents were conducted to the rear they appeared to have forgotten all their late animosity, and were now on the best terms imaginable, laughing, and chatting, and joking; and as the rebels were well supplied with whiskey, their canteens were gladly handed about from one to the other, until they all became as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

Why Galveston is Not Bombarded.—According to the New Orleans correspondent of the New York Tribune, when the Brooklyn commenced to shell Galveston, operations were stopped by the appearance of a flag of truce. It came with a polite message from Gen. Magruder to the effect that his hospitals containing "both your wounded and ours" were directly in range, also that there were many women and children in the city, furthermore that the Confederate Government had proclaimed Galveston a free port, and that the foreign consuls were decidedly of opinion that the blockade had been successfully broken, and could not be reoccupied until they had communicated with their respective Governments. On which Commander Bell deferred further belligerent operations. "And so," the correspondent says (with rebel batteries progressing ashore apace) "we rest for the present. And probably we shall continue to be so, unless Admiral Faragut grows indignant and issues rash orders."

[Other accounts say that Galveston has been bombarded, but without much effect so far.]

### MARRIAGES.

Superstition.—The St. John's (N. B) News says:—

"There is a woman in Duke Street owning a donkey, and it appears that it got bruised abroad that if a child having the whooping cough were to crawl under the animal's body, or that of any other donkey, a speedy cure would be the result. Incredible as it may seem, crowds of women with afflicted children from York Point and Portland have been going over to this donkey woman for some days past, and the poor children (whooping at an awful rate) have been crawling under the animal in a continual stream. The pressure became so great that the owner of the donkey at last began to charge a 'York shilling' fee; and on Monday she did a handsome business in this way."—The donkey may have had the longer ears, but were not the people the greater asses?

Prince of Wales' Estate.—The Prince of Wales has taken possession of his newly acquired estate in Norfolk. It was purchased from Right Hon. William Cowper, M. P., for $1,375,000. The house on the mansion contains 3,000 volumes. The furniture is nearly all new. There are thirty bed rooms, and a proportionate number of reception rooms in the purchase all the timber of the estate included, which is some of the finest in England. There are also 100 acres of wooded land, and $25,000 a year from rents, which is secure, as the tenants are respectable and well off, one tenant alone paying $5,000 a year. The fishing is excellent, and the shooting, like most shooting in Norfolk, is first rate, including blackcock amongst other game. The railway is within two miles.

Monroe.—The office of the Leavenworth (Kansas) Inquirer was destroyed by a mob on the 10th inst.

### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been more active; sales comprise 17,000 bbls. mostly taken for export, at $6@6,25 for superfine, from $6,62½ to 8 for common and choice extras, the latter for Lancaster county, and $7,00@8,50 for extra family, including 3000 bbls. part City Mills, at $8@8,37½, and 200 half bbls do at $4,75; the demand from the trade continues to be to a fair extent within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6@6,50 @ bb. for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and 300 bbls sold at $4,75@5 @ bbl. mostly at the latter rate, at which price it is firm. Corn Meal is firm, and Pennsylvania very scarce at $4. Brandywine at $4,75@5 @ bbl. but no sales are made public. Of Buckwheat Meal the sales are limited at $4,75@4 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There has been an increased demand for wheat for export, and with moderate receipts, have advanced 2@3c since the close of last week. Sales comprise about 60,000 bushels, mostly western and Pennsylvania, closing in store, at $1,60@1,75 for fair to prime quality, closing firm at the latter rate, and from $1,75 to $2 for common to choice white. Rye is scarce, and Penn'a. Canada is held at 95@96c. Corn is also better, and about 35,000 bushels new yellow sold at 80c@81c for dry, and 80@82c for damp lots in the cars and afloat, and 77@78c for white. Oats are unchanged, with sales of 40,000 bushels Pennsylvania to note equal to 60c for 32 lbs for heavy, and 45@46c for mixed per bush. Barley is steady but quiet at $1,48@1,50 for fair, and Barley Malt at $1,60.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for barrelled meats is limited. Mess Pork selling slowly at $16,50@ 16,75 for old and $15@15,50 for new. Dressed Hogs are quoted at 6½@6¾c the 100 lbs. Of Beef the sales are mostly at $14@15 for Country and Western and city packed. Mess Beef is not for ordinary at 9@10c for plain and fancy brands, and 6@6½c for Smoutiers. Nothing doing in Beef Hams. Green Hams, with sales of 1000 packages at 8½@9c for pickled Hams. Tierces for salt do, and lard for Shoulders, including 200 in pickle at the lowest figures. Prices also quiet. Of Lard about 2000 packages have been disposed of at 9@9½c for country, 10¼@11c for regular packed bbls and tierces, and 11@12c for kegs, which is an advance. Butter is wanted, and selling at 18@23c for roll, and 25@ 26c for solid. Cheese continues in demand at 12@13½c. Eggs are scarce and wanted at 20c @ doz.

Cotton.—The market has been unsettled. The demand is very light, and only 350 bales found buyers at 60@62c for inferior and ordinary, and 64@65c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

Ashes.—The demand for both kinds continues limited, and the market firm.

Bark.—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and last No 1 meets with ready sale at $30 per ton, at which price about 100 bbls have been taken. Tanners' Bark is firm.

Beeswax.—There is very little offering or selling, and good Yellow is worth 28c @ lb.

Coal.—There is very little demand to go East, and the sales are mostly to supply the New York market and for the use of the Government, prices also unchanged.

Coffee.—The market is firm but quiet, with sales of about 800 bags, mostly Rio, to note, in small lots, at 19@20c, cash and 4 mos, chiefly at the latter rate.

Copper is firm and on the advance. Of Yellow Metal limited sales of Sheets and Bolts are reported at 32@33c @ lb.

Feathers.—The demand is very moderate, and Western sell slowly at 45@48c, the latter in a small way.

Fruit is unchanged and firm, green Apples selling at 62½ @ bbl, dried do 6@6c, and unpared Peaches at 9@10c @ lb.

Hay.—Prime is in demand, good Timothy selling at 90@95c the 100 lbs.

Hemp.—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales.

Hops more off slowly at the advance, and we quote first sort Eastern and Western at 26@ 28c @ lb.

Iron.—There is very little doing in Pig Metal, and the sales are limited to 3000 tons Anthracite, at $33@34 for No 2, $30@31 for No 3, and $38@39 for No 1, cash and 4 months. Scotch Pig is firm, and generally held above the views of buyers, with a sale to note at 40c. For Manufactured Iron the market is firm and advancing.

Lead is scarce and held above the views of buyers, we hear of no sales of Pig. White and Red Lead have advanced.

Lumber.—There is a good demand for all kinds, and prices tend upward, but the building season has not yet opened.

Molasses comes in slowly and prices are fully maintained and firm. A cargo of clayed Cuba sold at 30c net, Muscovado at 29@30c, and New Orleans at 40@43c for old and new.

Plaster.—There is none arriving or selling, and it is badly wanted at $4@4,50 @ ton.

Rice is firmer, and holders at 7¾@8c, the latter for prime Rangoon, which is scarce.

Seeds.—There is more inquiry for Clovereed and about 350 bush. have been disposed of at $6,50@7 @ bus, the latter for prime, including some choice lots, part from second hands, at 11¼@12c @ lb. Timothy ranges at $1,75@2 and $2,25@2,37 @ bus, and but little offering or selling.

Sugars are steady and more active, with sales of some 800 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico, at 10@11¼c for refining and good grocery quality, including New Orleans at 11@11¾c on the usual terms.

Tallow is scarce and wanted, western has been selling freely at 11¼c, and city at 12c.

Tobacco.—The market is quiet, the stock of all kinds being light, and holders very firm in their views.

Wool.—The market is inactive; holders ask 60@62c for coarse, 90@91 for fine, and 90@95c for tub. Pulled is scarce.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1831 head. The prices realised were from 7½ @10¼ cts @ lb. 90 Cows brought from $45 to 80 @ head. 3800 Sheep were sold at 7@7¾c @ lb. 900 Hogs brought from $7,00 to 8,00 @ cwt net.

### MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Jan., 1863, by the Rev. Henry Perkins, D. D., E. Frank Newbold, to Lydia L., daughter of Alex. Newbold, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Andrew Swinehart, to Miss Mary Stevens, all of Warwick, Pa.

On the 17th instant, by Bishop Levi Scott, Henry R. Goadley, of St. Louis, Mo. to Martha McClintock, daughter of Jas. McClintock, City Treasurer of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, John O. Hughes, to Miss Margaret Jane, eldest daughter of Robt. Abernathy, all of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Mr. William Harkness, Jr. to Miss Mary Tuckahoe, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. John Wenster, Jr., to Miss Amanda Evans, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Charles Titus, of Bristol, Pa. to Miss Lizzie P. Wright, of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. Albert Luckenbo, to Miss Sarah Begley, both of this city.

### DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, Sarah W. relict of the late Saml. Derrickson, in her 54th year.

On the 13th instant, Rev. John McDowell, D. D. senior pastor of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, of this city, in his 73d year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Mary Jenkins, wife of Wm. Josephs, in her 39th year.

On the 17th instant, Rebecca, wife of Levie D. Berlinger, aged 39 years.

On the 16th instant, Mary L. Vandever, wife of Henry b. Vandever, in her 25d year.

On the 16th instant, Wm. Cramer, son of Archibald Cramer, in his 29th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Hannah Stiles, in his 56th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Edward Porter, in his 51st year.

On the 15th instant, John D. Fox, in his 65th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Jane Winfield, widow the late Wm. Winfield, aged 77 years.

On the 14th instant, Richard H. Ballenger, in his 36th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Mary Wellbank, in her 80th year.

### BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, February 21, 1863.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | par@ | Missouri | par@ |
| California | par@ | New Brunswick | par@ |
| Connecticut | par@ | New Hampshire | par@ |
| Delaware | par@ | New Jersey | par@ |
| Dist of Columbia | par@ | New Orleans | par@ |
| Georgia | par@ | New York State | par@ |
| Illinois | par@ | North Carolina | par@ |
| Indiana | par@ | Ohio | par@ |
| Iowa | par@ | Pennsylvania | par@ |
| Kentucky | par@ | Rhode Island | par@ |
| Maine | par@ | South Carolina | par@ |
| Maryland | par@ | Tennessee | par@ |
| Massachusetts | par@ | Vermont | par@ |
| Michigan | par@ | Virginia | par@ |
| Minnesota | par@ | Wisconsin | par@ |

### TOBACCO, COTTON SEED, FLAX SEED

For sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of ROGERS & GEST,
1 25-3m 140 Market St., Phila.

### A REALLY VALUABLE MICRO-SCOPE,

one that a child can use, sent free, by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.
Address S. WOODWARD,
Jan 17-3t P. O. Box 3273, Boston.

**$75 A MONTH!**—I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
Jan3-3m

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be found for sale at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 118 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

And other dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


## WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1862.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 1 Machine, Silver Plated, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood, | $100,00 |
| Half Case, Polished Rosewood, | 80,00 |
| Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut, | 70,00 |
| Plain Table, | 65,00 |
| No. 2 Machine, Plain, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, | $55,00 |
| Half Case, Paneled, | 50,00 |
| Plain Table, | 45,00 |

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 5, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Post—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

PITCHER'S NEW BOOK STORE,
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# Wit and Humor.

## COULDN'T BLOW THE HORN.

It happened, some years ago, that a respected employee in this office, supposed by some to be green in more respects than one, although a shrewd business man and eminently trustworthy, was sent on a collecting tour through the State of Mississippi.

It came to pass, in his journeyings hither and thither, that ill-fortune brought him to the banks of the Yazoo River, where the only mode of crossing was by means of a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, which was navigated by a "squatter," who lived some distance from the river-bank. The ferryman lived so far off that he could not hear the call of any one who might wish to be ferried over, and he therefore left a horn on the bank, to be blown by any anxious visitor who might wish his services. Our travelling friend saw the horn hanging on a limb, but he could not imagine for what use the corniculated instrument had been torn from the skull of its bovine proprietor. He therefore eschewed the use of the horn, and bawled out for the ferryman with a hearty good will. He continued to bawl until he became hoarse as one of the taurine inhabitants of the woods of Bashan; but the ferryman did not come. At last, with lacerated lungs, and patience reduced to zero, he was about giving up in despair, when a countryman approached, following a path leading along the banks of a stream.

"Stranger," said our friend, "can you inform me how I can get that ferryman to take me across the river?"

"Call him," said the countryman.

"I have called him," said our traveller, "but he does not appear to hear me."

"Then blow for him," said the stranger; "that's the horn; blow it like bringer, and he'll be here in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

Our friend protested his inability to blow the horn—for he had never blown one in his life—and imploringly requested the stranger to blow it for him.

At this announcement the astonishment and contempt exhibited by the countryman were amazing to behold. Drawing himself up in a defiant attitude, he drawled out, in measured tones—

"See here, hoss fly, if you've lived this long, till the har on your head is as gray as a rat, and can't blow a horn, it don't make a durn bit of difference which side the river you are on! Good-by, soapgourd!" And he left in a hurry.

## COULDN'T SEE IT.

They have a telegraph office in the town of B——. In front of said office stands a telegraph pole; and when an important dispatch is received, the operator copies it off, heads it "By Telegraph," and tacks it on said pole.

Now it came to pass that a verdant chap, from the "rural desarticts," who, though he had heard of the telegraph, had never before seen it, happened along that way. He was attired in a coat, which, judging from the "enormity" of collar and tail, was certainly "erected" before the advanced price in such fabrics; and the shortness of his pantaloons led me to infer that they were "built" since the advance. Noticing the dispatch on the pole, he stopped to read it. After its perusal, he was observed to glance from the wire to the telegram, standing thus for half an hour. After awhile he accosted a passer-by with—

"See here, mister, I'd like to know how this 'ere darn thing got off o' that wire onto this pole? I've been watchin' here a good spell for another to come along; but it hasn't come. When d'ye expect another, mister? I'd like to see the tarnal thing slide down onto this 'ere pole?"

As the dispatch was headed "by telegraph," the chap was sure it came off the wire down the pole. Fact!

An Interesting Chapter Read to a Congregation.—It was the practice of an eccentric Irish divine to read a chapter before the sermon; and, to the amazement of his auditory, he requested them to read with him one day, "for edification," the first twenty-seven verses of the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. He might as well have asked them to read the first twenty-seven pages of a Sanscrit lexicon. But the Doctor went on with the chapter, and, as he enunciated, in his own mouthy and sonorous way, one strange-sounding word after another, "Meremoth—Magpiash—Meshezabel—Hashadnah," every eye was strained to the pulpit, hardly a soul, for sheer wonderment, venturing to draw his breath. At the end of the last verse, the reader put on one of his grimmest looks:—"You will have got as much good," he exclaimed, "my attentive hearers, from this chapter, as ye seem to have got from any chapter I ever read to you, and ye will carry home as much of it, and ye will carry as much of it into your daily practice."

Too Far Off.—A friend was trout fishing on the sides of Old Saddleback, a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from a village, and half as far from a house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity.

"Hallos, stranger!" said he.

"How are you, sir?"

"Well, now, stranger, where be you from?"

"I'm from New York."

"From New York? Why, I should think you'd hate to live so far off."

☞ Is the name "Jack Tar," for a sailor, derived from the Latin *Jactari*, to be tossed about?

## A SERMON ON THE WORD "MALT."

PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. DODD, IN A HOLLOW TREE.

The following was preached more than thirty years ago, and as we believe such sentiments should have a resurrection, at least once in thirty years, we now give it publicity again for the benefit of those who cannot be reached by more formal preaching.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; but they were determined to take no denial, and the word "Malt" was given to him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is 'Malt;' I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M-a-l-t. M, my beloved, is moral, A, is allegorical, L, literal, T, theological. The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners: then M, masters, A, all of you, L, listen, T, to my text. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you cantabs make, M, your master, A, your apparel, L, your liberty, T, your trust. The literal is, according to the letter, M, much, A, ale, L, little, T, trust. The theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find of two kinds; first, in this world, secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are, in some, M, murder, in others, A, adultery, in all, L, looseness of life, and, in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come, are M, misery, A, anguish, L, lamentation, and T, torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this: first, by way of exortation, M, masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T, tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication, M, masters, A, all of you, L, look for, T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbors' scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

He concluded in the usual form; and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon, than by any serious discourse they ever heard.

## Baron Rothschild's Little Miff.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount a bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons." But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. "Private persons! I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are!" Three weeks afterward Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the £5 notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank at the opening of the office. He drew from his pocket-book a £5 note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them into a little canvass bag; then drew out another note, a third, a tenth, a hundredth. He never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as, he said, "the law gave him the right to do." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk and received a second, and thus continued till the close of the bank. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000. But as he had also nine employees of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of the bankers said with ironic simplicity:—"These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!" For two months! Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England, which they have never possessed! The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. The next morning, notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

## HOW REPORTS ORIGINATE.

First Volunteer.—"I declare I heard your corps was falling off, and was Greatly Demoralized."

Second Ditto.—"All bosh, my dear sir. Our Adjutant fell off his horse last week, and was considerably "demoralized," as you call it—that's how the report originated."

## THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live?

"Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging in some, T, treason. The effects that it corncsacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but lie in the corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou will not have to labor as the ass and dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded by a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire upon my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period."

"Then shalt thou have the eighteen years of the ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied the man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I will give thee, then, the ten years of the ape; and in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors carefully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him—he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies down in the corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form a conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—*Translated from the German.*

## THE PYRAMIDS.

The object for which the pyramids of Egypt were erected has given rise to great research and to many conjectures. Mahmoud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, now explains the matter in rather a novel manner. In his opinion, founded on personal observation, the pyramids were devoted to a divinity having Sirius or the dog star for its emblem. Among the ancient Egyptians the stars were the souls of innumerable divinities emanating from Ammon Ra, the Supreme Being. Sirius represented the dog of the heavens, Sothis, who judged the dead, so that it was perfectly rational to devote the pyramids, considered as tombs, to the star Sirius. The inclination of the faces of the six pyramids of Gizah is on an average of 52½ deg.; and a plane inclined to the horizon at that angle is perpendicular to the rays of light emitted by Sirius when in the meridian. This is nearly true now, but was exactly so 3,300 years before Christ, the procession of the equinoxes having since caused a slight deviation. The heavenly dog Sothis, or Anubis, or Toth, has been identified with Hermes. Small votive pyramids in the catacombs bear his image, his symbol being a triangle by the side of a star. Taus Mahmoud Bey's hypothesis fixes about 5,200 years from our time as the probable date of the pyramids, a result in harmony with the calculations of Arabian authors, who give three or four centuries before the deluge as the date of their erection. Bunsen fixes it at between 3,460 and 3,310 years before Christ, and Brugsch at 3,402.

## ARTIFICIAL BUTTER.

A writer in a London periodical says:—

Cream is a very delicious food, yet it is only the fatty substance of the cow with a peculiar flavor superadded. If our chemists can take the whole fat of the cow after slaughter, and add to it an artificial flavor, and thus convert it into an artificial cream, it will surely be a great gain. There is little doubt that a large amount of London butter is manufactured artificially, but the objection is, that it is a very bad and unpleasant imitation of natural butter.

The present writer was riding behind an engine on a railway a short time back, when there stole on him a strong odor of red herring.

"Why, guard! is the driver cooking his breakfast at the fire-box door?"

"No, sir! that is where it comes from," pointing to a huge factory on the loft of the road.

"What are they doing there?"

"Melting down fat."

"For the candle-makers?"

"No, sir; for Dutch butter!"

"What fat is it?"

"Oh! they pretend it's all 'flares;' but they put in old grease of any kind—old railway grease and bone-fat!"

"But why for Dutch butter?"

"Because they can't make it into butter here, as Dr. Lethe by and Dr. Hassall would be down upon them. So they send the fat over to Holland ready melted, and make it into butter there, and send it back here, when nobody can say anything against it. But, sir, I'm told that they use arsenic in purifying the fat, and if they don't get it all out before they make butter of it, all the worse for the poor who eat it."

If the English manufacturers produce edible and nourishing fat from waste and other material, and Dutch chemists so flavor it that it tastes like butter, and the effect on digestion is the same, there is no apparent harm in the process.

But it would be well, nevertheless, that it should pass through the crucible of English chemists before passing into the stomachs of the English poor.

# Agricultural.

## RAISE FLAX.

The exceeding high price to which cotton and flax have gone up, makes it worthy of the attention of our farmers. Cotton has increased to more than five times its usual price, and that of flax about three times. We cannot raise the former in this latitude; but we can the latter, which for many uses is a good substitute. When muslin could be bought for 6 to 10 cents per yard, and country linen 15 to 20 cents, few farmers were willing to trouble themselves with the cultivation of flax; but things have very much changed, and we doubt whether any other crop would be half as profitable, and at the same time as sure.

We have before us a statement handed to us by Mr. Bently, of the product of three acres sown in flax last year, by a gentleman in Ohio, who has been in the habit of raising flax for years, together with a few hints as to its culture. Here they are, and if our farmers do not raise a patch all we have to say is, they don't know their interests:—

| PRODUCT FROM THREE ACRES. | |
|---|---|
| 1,440 lbs. dressed flax, 17 cents, | $244 80 |
| 70 bushels seed, $1,60, | 112 00 |
| Total, | $356 80 |
| COST OF RAISING. | |
| 2½ bushels of seed sown, | $40 00 |
| Ploughing, | 4 00 |
| Harrowing, | 2 00 |
| Pulling at $6 per acre, | 18 00 |
| Threshing of seed and rotting, | 10 00 |
| Dressing about 3 cents per lb., | 40 00 |
| | $75 00 |
| | $281 80 |

This at present prices shows an enormous profit; but there is nothing fabulous about it. Two years ago flax only brought six cents per pound, now it is seventeen, and besides this the reader will see that we have allowed the farmer good wages for all he does. With only 10 bushels of seed and 400 pounds dressed flax to the acre, the product would be $84 to the acre.

If the season is favorable it is safe to estimate 12 bushels of seed to the acre will yield as high as 16 bushels, and when the straw is good will yield 500 pounds dressed flax to the acre. Corn stubble is good for flax; it does very well on sod, if ploughed early. The ground wants to be well harrowed and put in good order. Sow from three-quarters to one bushel per acre. Generally sow when you do oats, early sowing has done best of late.—*New Brighton Times.*

To Break Horses from Pulling at the Halter.—Concerning this matter, a correspondent writes us that having a horse addicted to the habit of pulling back on the halter when hitched, and trying various proposed remedies to no effect, he at last—after the horse had broken about twenty halters—hit upon the following plan:—He tied the horse to a post near the end of a wharf, where there was about seven feet of water. The horse braced his fore feet and hung back, breaking the halter and plunging backwards into the water. He went out of sight for a moment, but on "taking his reckoning" swam for the shore, since which time he has not made an attempt to pull at the halter. This may be a good plan, but what are those farmers to do who live at a long distance from wharves? Perhaps a horse hitched near the bank of some stream, or upon a bridge, if not at too great a distance from the water, would answer just as well.—*Maine Farmer.*

To Prevent the Rotting of Wood.—In order to prevent wooden posts and piles from rotting while in the ground, the following receipt has been sent to the Societe d'Encouragement, Paris. A certain paint is used which has the hardness of stone, which resists damp, and is very cheap. It has been in use for the last five years:—50 parts of rosin, 40 parts of finely powdered chalk, about 300 parts of fine hard sand, 4 parts of linseed oil, 1 part of red oxide of lead, and 1 part of sulphuric acid, are mixed together. The rosin, chalk, sand, and linseed oil are heated together in an iron boiler; the red lead and the sulphuric acid are then added. They are carefully mixed, and the composition is applied while hot. If it be not found sufficiently fluid, it may be made thinner by adding some more linseed oil. This paint, when cold and dry, forms a varnish of the hardness of stone.

The Best Shade Trees.—For the beginner, we would say, plant at first, native, well-known hardy trees. These will include, generally, the white elm, the rock maple, sugar, silver, red and black maples; the white ash, the white oak, chestnut, and perhaps a few others. To these, we would add a few evergreens, such as white pine, balsam fir, black and white spruce, and arbor vitæ. Then we would go on with the Norway maple; English, Scotch, and Dutch elms; Scotch larch, European Mountain ash, Norway spruce, Siberian Arbor Vitæ and a few other foreign evergreens.

# Useful Receipts.

Lemon Syrup.—To 1 pint juice add 2 lbs. sugar and 1 teacup water; let it come to a boil and it is done. Five dozen lemons will make 4 pints of juice.

To Make Blacking for Morocco Shoes.—Pound some black sealing wax, and put in a bottle with half a pint of alcohol; shake it frequently, and when it is dissolved, you may run it on morocco shoes when they are scaled or defaced, and they will look almost like new; dry it on in the sun.

Essence of Verbena Leaf.—A sweet and refreshing perfume for the handkerchief. Take rectified spirits of wine, half a pint; otto of verbena, half a drachm: otto of bergamot one drachm; and tincture of tolu, a quarter of an ounce. Mix them together, and it is ready for use.

Parchment.—Paper parchment may be produced by immersing paper in a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc.

Blistered Hands and Feet.—As a remedy against blistering of hands in rowing or fishing, &c., or of feet in walking, the quickest is, lighting a tallow candle and letting the tallow drop into cold water, (to purify, it is said, from salt,) then rubbing the tallow on the hands or feet—mixed with brandy or any other strong spirits. For mere tenderness, nothing is better than the above, or vinegar a little diluted with water.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Cut up ½ lb. butter in 1 pint molasses, warm them till melted. Boil 1 quart milk, and pour over a pint corn meal, and stir in the molasses gradually: when cold, beat 6 eggs and stir them in: add the peel of a lemon, grated, or other spice: stir very hard, pour into a buttered dish and bake 2 hours.—J. G.

# The Riddler.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 5, 8, 22, 34, 11, was a son of Neptune.
My 13, 26, 17, 3, 13, 21, was a name of Juno.
My 9, 8, 31, 35, 31, was the goddess of chastity.
My 32, 16, 27, 13, was the god of battles.
My 15, 10, 9, 6, 16, was the daughter of Nereus, King of Colchis.
My 36, 23, 37, was the god of shepherds.
My 4, 27, 25, 13, 14, 5, 29, 19, 17, 6, was a wife of Pluto.
My 36, 15, 28, 21, 24, 5, was the god of harrowing.
My 24, 2, 6, 15, 25, 7, was the daughter of Uranus and Titaea.
My 30, 8, 9, 33, was one of the children of Jupiter.
My 23, 5, 35, 12, was a messenger to Juno.
My whole was necessary for the suppression of the rebellion.

*Elizabeth, Pa.* L. M. J.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 6, 13, 12, 7, 4, is a species of poultry.
My 10, 1, 8, is a small animal.
My 5, 9, 2, 11, is a place of public sale.
My 8, 12, 13, 4, is a place where minerals are dug.
My whole is a good mathematician.

*Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill.* R. VASEY, Jr.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm relished by all, on land or main;
Behead, and I a verb remain;
Again, and I'm a preposition;
Transpose, and ride at your discretion.

*Pompion, Pa.* VICKIE SPENCER.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My whole is a precious stone;
Behead me, and I am that which every garden needs;
Again, and then transposed I am a useful tree;
Transposed again, I am a verb in the present tense;
Now curtail me, and a preposition stands alone.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.* JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

## DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An animal.
A Latin word meaning *other*.
A girl's name.
A tavern.
A vagabond.

My first initials form the name of a rebel, and my finals the name of a Union leader.

*Cincinnati.* Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An iron sphere of 18 inches diameter was heated and placed on a wooden sphere, and left there till it burned away to its centre, when it was found that ⅓ of the wooden sphere was consumed. Required—the diameter of the wooden sphere? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

## ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman had three horses of different value, and a saddle worth $35. If he puts this saddle on horse No. 1, this horse will be worth seven-sixths of the second horse. If he puts the saddle on horse No. 2, this horse will be worth eight-sevenths of the worth of the third horse. And when he puts the saddle on horse No. 3, this horse will then be worth 67 times the 48th part of the second horse. What is the value of each of the three horses? PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have just looked at my watch, the two hands are together at a certain point between V and VI. Where will they next be together? What is the time now? What time will it be then?

*Cincinnati, Ohio.* Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

☞ An answer is requested.

## CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If you were to take the letter S from a certain word, why would it cause grief? Ans—Because it would make a sweep weep.

☞ Why is a pig with a twisted tail like the ghost in Hamlet? Ans.—Because it could a tail (tale) unfold.

☞ What is taken from you before you get it? Ans.—Your portrait.

☞ Why is the letter L like giving a sweetheart away? Ans.—Because it makes over a lover.

☞ What is the difference between an impoverished man and an easy bed? Ans.—One is *hard up*, the other *soft down*.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Declaration of Independence, July fourth, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. RIDDLE.—Salmon P. Chase. CHARADE.—Lyre, rye, ye. ANAGRAMS.—Annabel, Margret, Ida, Louisa, Edith, Marion, Samantha, Sidney.

Answer to the SPHERICAL POLYGON, published December 27th.—992.5844 square inches. *Baltimore.* JOHN McNEVIN.

He believes the answers sent by Messrs. E. Hagerty and A. Martin to be incorrect.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Delta, published January 31st.—The room is 28 by 33 feet, and 11 feet high. UNCLE WILLIAM.

*Pope Creek, Mercer Co., Illinois.*

Also answered by Captain L. B. Chester, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer to PROBLEM, published February 7th.—15 eggs. "Edwin," Philadelphia; Capt. L. B. Chester, Ohio; T. C. Fleming, Ohio; and John McNevin, Baltimore.